THE CHARM OF LONDON

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THE CHARM OF LONDON

IN UNIFORM STYLE

Each compiled by ALFRED H. HYATT

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THE CHARM OF LONDON
With Twelve Illustrations in Colour by YOSHIO MARKINO

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LONDON : CHATTO & WINDUS

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THE CRIMEA MEMORIAL

Frontispiece

THE
CHARM OF LONDON

AN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY ALFRED H. HYATT

WITH 12 ILLUSTRATIONS BY YOSHIO MARKINO

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1912

A New Edition

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

EDITOR'S NOTE

An anthology of London's ways for London days is the primary object of this selection.

The contents of *The Charm of London*—in which many well-known and favourite authors are represented—is more particularly representative of modern London, the city as we most all of us love it, and are familiar with it to-day.

To those to whom this volume is intended to appeal, it is the earnest hope of the editor that some of the passages chosen may, by the weight of their authority and charm, help them towards a still greater appreciation of London, whose every street is 'holy, haunted ground,' and whose every byway is fragrant with the spirit of the past.

A. H. H.

To the present edition have been added twelve illustrations after the water-colour drawings of Mr. Yoshio Markino.

from James Thomson's ' Collected Poems ' ; to Mrs. Clement Scott for a poem from Clement Scott's ' Lays and Lyrics ' (Messrs. Routledge) ; to Messrs. Field and Tuer for an extract from Max O'Rell's ' John Bull and his Island ' ; to Mrs. Dora Sigerson for a poem from ' Verses ' (Mr. Elliot Stock) ; to Mr. Francis W. Bourdillon for a poem from ' Through the Gateway ' (Humphreys) ; to Mr. Richard Whiteing for an extract from ' No. 5, John Street ' ; to Messrs. Macmillan for two sonnets by Matthew Arnold ; to Mr. A. C. Benson for an extract from ' The House of Quiet ' (Mr. John Murray) ; to Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson for an extract from ' London ' ; to Messrs. Duckworth and Co. for an extract from ' Amaryllis at the Fair,' by Richard Jefferies ; to Mr. Elliot Stock for an extract from Mrs. Caroline A. White's ' Sweet Hampstead ' ; to Mr. Robert Bridges for a poem from ' Shorter Poems ' (Messrs. George Bell and Sons); to The Bobbs-Merrill Co. for a poem by James Whitcomb Riley ; and to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for extracts from works by Sir Walter Besant, Richard Jefferies, Robert Buchanan, Ouida, and Henry S. Leigh.

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THE CHARM OF LONDON

THE LONDONER'S FAREWELL

Wandering lonely, over seas,
At shut of day, in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a sighing after ease
Much wanted, and an aching wish . . .
. . . to rest at last, nor farther stray.
So, sad of heart, muse I at shut of day,
On safe and quiet England.

LORD LYTTON.

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.

THOMAS MOORE.

Perhaps in lonely parts of the earth our illusions will come back to us, and London will appeal to us again, as we think only of its pleasant backwaters, and forget the ugliness of the main stream.

Blackwood's Magazine, December 1906.

THE CITY THAT I LOVE

I TREAD no more the city that I love,
And though its far-off streets be peopled yet
And roofed with their grey slips of sky above,
For me they only live in my regret—

Those roaring streets that glared in sunny noons,
And gloomed in lamp-lit eves of plashy rain,
Or slept enchanted under dreamful moons—
Their life goes on without me ; and in vain

I strive elsewhere to gather aught of good,
To quite forget them dwelling here apart ;
I cannot make them strangers if I would,
Nor close my ears against them, nor my heart.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

LONDONER

YOU must come back to London, if you were London-bred,
It calls you, though your place be filled, and all your chances dead ;
You must come back to London to smell its murky air,
And hear its roar, and feel its throb, and pace its streets aflare.

Though all your dreams be over, and you have naught beside,
Grey London's heart is beating still with London's mighty pride ;

And in its dear enchantment, if London once was yours,
You'll thrill to share its old romance, and snatch its ancient lures.

You'll grieve for all its changes, its quicker, modern ways,
But stately landmarks yet invoke the good immortal days ;
And it is London, London ! your home, though you have none,
And you must needs return, true son, before your life be done !

LILIAN STREET.

MORD EM'LY LEAVES LONDON

A BRIGHT morning, and everybody and everything in South London singing cheerfully. Elderly birds in cages, cocking one eye and looking up at the sky, on being hung outside windows straightway began an air of which they had nearly forgotten the tune ; the people hurrying along the pavements hummed or whistled ; shop-keepers chatted with their rivals genially, as though no such thing as competition existed. The cab-horse which conveyed Mord Em'ly and Gilliken and Miss Mitchell in a hansom to the city was at first so light-hearted as to be a little inclined to dance, but the driver had Puritanical views, and checked this at the outset.

'You ain't a circus,' said the driver severely, 'you're a keb-'orse. Kindly be'ave as such.'

The driver's sternness was increased by the remarks of the few other cabmen, who, passing near him, saw the bright face of Mord Em'ly. . . . When, at the

top of London Road, Mord Em'ly insisted upon getting out for a moment to kiss the Obelisk, the driver became quite gloomy, and had doubts in regard to the payment of his fare. These fears were ungrounded. Mord Em'ly at Liverpool Street Station paid him out of a square new purse, and the driver, astonished into cordiality, wished her a prosperous journey. Mord Em'ly patted the horse, and the horse intimated as well as it could that it begged to second the resolution moved by its honourable friend, the driver.

. . . . . .

At the Gallions Station, commotion. A line of Lascar sailors (at sight of whom Miss Mitchell screamed, fearing a plot for her abduction) in their blue gabardines, white trousers, and turbans, attacked the special, and bore off through the giant Customs House the hand-luggage of passengers to the *China*, waiting in the docks on the other side. Their number happened to be insufficient, and some passengers hurried about distractedly with their bags, and others appealed from the open carriage-doors, the general impression being that there was not a moment to spare, whereas, in point of fact, the *China* was in no hurry, and did not propose to move out to the dock gates for at least another hour. . . .

A second bell with a deep tone boomed presently a warning.

'*Now* for the shore, please. *Now* for the shore.'

One of the gangways let down by the shouting Lascars, the other filled by descending friends. The *China* seemed to be bestirring itself; the black-faced men who had been peeping from doorways descended to the engine-room; yet another bell rang, this time

with an imploring tone, that begged the friends not to run the risk of being carried out and away to Gibraltar.

Miss Mitchell took out her handkerchief, and gave to the docks a fierce scent of lavender water.

'Farewell,' said Miss Mitchell. 'Sorry to leave London, ain't you?'

'Wish I could take it with me.'

'You'll come back some day, *I* lay a penny.'

''Ope so,' said Mord Em'ly.

W. PETT RIDGE

THE LAST FAREWELL

FAREWELL, ye lofty spires
That cheered the holy light!
Farewell, domestic fires
That broke the gloom of night!
Too soon these spires are lost,
Too fast we leave the bay,
Too soon by ocean tost
From hearth and home away,
Far away, far away.

Farewell, the busy town,
The wealthy and the wise,
Kind smile and honest frown
From bright, familiar eyes.
All these are fading now;
Our brig hastes on her way,
Her unremembering prow
Is leaping o'er the sea,
Far away, far away.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

PROUD CITY!

THE Lord of Light shakes off his drowsy-head;
Fresh from his couch up springs the lusty sun,
And girds himself his mighty race to run;
Meantime, by truant love of rambling led,
I turn my back on thy detested walls,
Proud city, and thy sons I leave behind,
A selfish, sordid, money-getting kind,
Who shut their ears when holy Freedom calls.
I pass not thee so lightly, humble spire,
That mindest me of many a pleasure gone,
Of merriest days, of love and Islington,
Kindling anew the flames of past desire;
And I shall muse on thee, slow journeying on,
To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.

CHARLES LAMB.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF LONDON

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injured Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fixed on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;

Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TO MY FRIENDS

WHO RIDICULED A TENDER LEAVE-TAKING

LAUGH, my Friends, and without blame
Lightly quit what lightly came :
Rich to-morrow as to-day,
Spend as madly as you may.
I, with little land to stir,
Am the exacter labourer.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

But my Youth reminds me—' Thou
Hast liv'd light as these live now :
As these are, thou too wert such :
Much hast had, hast squander'd much.'
Fortune's now less frequent heir,
Ah ! I husband what's grown rare.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

Young, I said : ' A face is gone
If too hotly mus'd upon :
And our best impressions are
Those that do themselves repair.'
Many a face I then let by,
Ah ! is faded utterly.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

Marguerite says : ' As last year went,
So the coming year'll be spent :
Some day next year, I shall be,
Entering heedless, kiss'd by thee.'
Ah, I hope !—yet, once away,
What may chain us, who can say ?
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
Her soft face, her hair around :
Tied under the archest chin
Mockery ever ambush'd in.
Let the fluttering fringes streak
All her pale, sweet-rounded cheek.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

Paint that figure's pliant grace
As she towards me lean'd her face,
Half refus'd and half resign'd,
Murmuring, ' Art thou still unkind ?'
Many a broken promise then
Was new made—to break again.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

Paint those eyes, so blue, so kind,
Eager tell-tales of her mind :
Paint with their impetuous stress
Of inquiring tenderness,
Those frank eyes, where deep doth lie
An angelic gravity.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

What, my Friends, these feeble lines
Show, you say, my love declines ?
To paint ill as I have done,
Proves forgetfulness begun ?
Time's gay minions, pleas'd you see,
Time, your master, governs me.
Pleas'd, you mock the fruitless cry:
'Quick, thy tablets, Memory!'

Ah, too true. Time's current strong
Leaves us true to nothing long.
Yet, if little stays with man,
Ah! retain we all we can!
If the clear impression dies,
Ah! the dim remembrance prize!
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FAREWELL TO LONDON

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell,
Thy fools no more I'll tease.

. . . . .

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe
Lean Philips and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y——r's sold for fifty pound,
And Budgell is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

ALEXANDER POPE (written in 1715).

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pray a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE LONDONER RETURNS

The air seems dead down in this quiet country ; we're out of the stream. I must rush up to London to breathe.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

London is London. All paths go thither. . . . There is a fascination in it ; there is a magnetism stronger than that of the rock which drew the nails from Sindbad's ship. You are like a bird let out with a string tied to the foot to flutter a little way and return again. It is not business, for you may have none, in the ordinary sense ; it is not 'society,' it is not pleasure. It is the presence of man in his myriads. There is something in the heart which cannot be satisfied away from it.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye full straunge places, and have ben in many a fulle gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

I go hence
To London, to the gathering-place of souls.

MRS. BROWNING.

LONDON, THE TRUE CROWN OF TRAVEL

'To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through London mud.'

The white cliffs of Dover, seen fitfully across the Channel in summer days, have stood for England from immemorial time. They have been hallowed as the goal of the returning traveller for many centuries, and an Englishman must needs watch the long grey line to the north rise up out of the deep and clear purity with a great thankfulness that custom never stales. But if the secrets of all hearts were known, if the last and always slurred-over page of the book of all travel were for once written out in full, it would be found that the deep brimming tongue of Westminster and the pigeons that dip and flutter round the Eleanor Cross of Charing have caused more lumps in the throat, and dimmed more eyes, than all the shores of all the coasts of England. . . . The silence that broods over the homeward mail as at last it nears London tells its own tale. As the long-expected fringe and waste of grey flat-lying suburb is reached and penetrated; as the dull warehouses and factories which mark the sea of sordid brick and grimy roof flash past between the quick openings and shuttings of dreary streets, unending and monotonous; as the last curve is made round the flinted transepts of St. Saviour's; as the train slackens steam slowly across the tideway into Cannon Street, there is rarely an unnecessary word

spoken, save by a foreigner. And as the carriages draw out again across the bridge, and the distant towers and spires of Westminister and the City loom through the reddened misty west over the still wharves and warehouses of the foreground below, and the lighters and barges group themselves by the shadowy quays and in the fairway of slow-moving water, steel-blue in the light and in its reflections most mysterious, the strained silence still hangs over all. . . .

Still, however and whenever it may come, this slow winning into the last terminus of all is the true crown of travel, the only goal of wandering, however far. Even if you emerge into the deep brown of a November fog, and grope your way out through the narrow archway beneath the hotel into the muffling umber, still you have at last and at least come home. The pearl and topaz lights of the Strand, the hoarse call of some newsboy with a fluttering poster in his hand, the check and swerve forward of the ghostly traffic, the half-seen figures through the gloom, all belong to you again, and London in her foulest mood is still, perhaps then is all the more, the city of your heart.

Evening and night sit well upon her. Perhaps when distant she is best remembered by some local picture after the burden of the day is shifted, and its heat abated. But she is still the same wherever one may live. London—where beneath the pale arcs of Nine Elms the bang and travel of the shunted trucks outlive the night: London—where the blue-white carbons glow in their nests of transparent green plane-branches along the curving candelabra of her water front: London—where, under the trees in the

dusty golden haze of the evening, the dainty women of the west sit out the summer sunset in the Park: London—where the naphtha lamps flare coarsely in the crowded lane-markets of Soho: London—where across the frozen Wanstead Flats, the scared engines cock-crow to each other beneath the bitter stars: London—where the tedious omnibus horses beat out the difference of their strides through the clotted mud of Piccadilly between the blazing shop-fronts, while the last clouds swarm across the sky overhead, and the wind shrieks in the wires. London, my London! . . .

For those who are ever by her side she [London] does not greatly care. Womanlike, you will find her more gracious after you have turned your back upon her for many months on the Longer Trails. When you return, your unspoken gratitude is part of her service of praise. When the first acrid whiff of swaying London fog stinks again in your nostrils along the Strand, and your very soul sobs at the goodness of it, her canticles are sung in due form, and the silence of the incoming mail is as swung incense before her unregarding altar. And then is her *Sursum corda* intoned when after many years of absence you shall hear the great thong of Westminster plucked nine times with shattering certainty through the night, and you return thanks to God as the thanks of ten that it has been given you to hear it again once more before you died.

. . . . .

Surely, if ever in your life London has said something to you, however quietly, then in the farthest corners of the earth you shall never again hear from afar the noise of the waves roaring, or of water falling from a great height, or the sound of the wind a mile

high above the lonely pines, or on some Pacific beach set the sea-shell to your ear, without a present memory of the long murmuring tide of the Mother of Cities; and some picture—perhaps the last you expected to see—shall be unveiled before your eyes, and the true meaning of the line shall be borne in upon your aching soul once more—

'I would go down to hell if hell led home.'

PERCEVAL LANDON.

TO ENGLAND BY SEA

TEN nights and days we voyaged on the deep;
Ten nights and days, without the common face
Of any day or night; the moon and sun
Cut off from the green reconciling earth,
To starve into a blind ferocity
And glare unnatural; the very sky
(Dropping its bell-net down upon the sea
As if no human heart should scape alive,)
Bedraggled with the desolating salt,
Until it seemed no more that holy heaven
To which my father went. All new, and strange—
The universe turned stranger, for a child.

Then, land!—then, England! oh, the frosty cliffs
Looked cold upon me. Could I find a home
Among those mean red houses through the fog?
And when I heard my father's language first
From alien lips which had no kiss for mine,
I wept aloud, then laughed, then wept, then wept,—
And some one near me said the child was mad
Through much sea-sickness. The train swept us on.
Was this my father's England? the great Isle?
The ground seemed cut up from the fellowship

Of verdure, field from field, as man from man ;
The skies themselves looked low and positive,
As almost you could touch them with a hand
And dared to do it, they were so far off
From God's celestial crystals ; all things, blurred
And dull and vague. Did Shakespeare and his mates
Absorb the light here ?—not a hill or stone
With heart to strike a radiant colour up
Or active outline on the indifferent air !

E. B. BROWNING.

LONDON GROWN BEAUTIFUL

To a man who has been long absent from the Mother of Cities, the first walk must be exceedingly interesting. Change has been in every direction. During his absence narrow streets have yielded to broad, handsome thoroughfares ; whole acres that once were little better than slums have been cleared, and vast hotels and splendid shops stand where, only a few years back, the thieves and ruffians of London herded, and the barrow of the costermonger supplied the ' nobility and gentry ' of the neighbourhood with all that they required for the domestic interior or for the daily *menu*. From being one of the ugliest cities in Europe, London has, during the last twenty years, been transformed into one of the most beautiful, so far as shops, hotels, and street architecture generally are concerned.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN

The way was long and weary,
But gallantly they strode,
A country lad and lassie,
Along the heavy road.

The night was dark and stormy,
But blithe of heart were they,
For shining in the distance
The Lights of London lay.
O gleaming lamps of London that gem the City's crown,
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of London Town.

The years passed on and found them
Within the mighty fold,
The years had brought them trouble,
But brought them little gold.
Oft from their garret window,
On long still summer nights,
They'd seek the far-off country
Beyond the London lights.
O mocking lamps of London, what weary eyes look down
And mourn the day they saw you, O Lights of London Town.

With faces worn and weary,
That told of sorrow's load,
One day a man and woman
Crept down a country road.
They sought their native village,
Heart-broken from the fray;
Yet shining still behind them,
The Lights of London lay.
O cruel lamps of London, if tears your light could drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them, O Lights of London Town.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

LONDON'S DISTANT LIGHT

WHAT is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these ?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets
overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I
should do ?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's
ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds
are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness ? I will turn that earlier
page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age !

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the
strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him
then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LONDON: FROM A DISTANCE

A BRILLIANT, wind-swept, sunny day, with the fountains like hay-cocks of prismatic glitter in the shadow of Nelson's Column, with the paving stones almost opalescent, with colour everywhere, the green of the orange trees in tubs along the façade of the National Gallery, the vivid blue of the paper used by flower-sellers to wrap poet's narcissi, the glint of straws blown from horses' feeds, the shimmer of wheel-marks on the wood pavement, the shine of bits of harness, the blaze of gold lettering along the house fronts, the slight quiver of the nerves after a momentarily dangerous crossing accentuating the perception—is that 'London'? Does that rise up in your Londoner's mind's eye, when, in the Boulevard Haussman, or on the Pyramids, he thinks of his own places? . . .

London is a great, slip-shod, easy-going, good-humoured magnet; those it attracts are much of a muchness with itself. They have not any Corporate spirit in particular. And the Londoner when talked to by inhabitants of other considerable towns is apt to be violently confronted with what he hasn't. . . .

Above all, his London, his intimate London, will be the little bits of it that witnessed the great moments, the poignant moods of his life; it will be what happened to be the backgrounds of his more intense emotions.

Certain corners of streets, certain angles of buildings, the spray of dishevelled plane-trees, certain cloud-forms, gusts of white smoke, odours, familiar sounds—these, in their remembrance, will wring his heart. He will have noticed them, or hardly noticed them, glancing aside in his moments of terror, of perplexity, of passion, of grief. And the remembrance of them, a long way away, will bring up again, tempered by the glamour of memory, by the romance of old days, the reflection of those griefs, of those terrors, of those old piteousnesses.

For London is before all things an incomparable background; it is always in the right note, it is never out of tone. A man may look down out of dim windows upon the slaty, black, wet misery of a squalid street, upon a solitary flickering lamp that wavers a sooty light upon a solitary, hurrying passer's umbrella. He may have received a moment before the first embrace of a woman, or a moment before his doctor may have told him that he is not very long for this world. He will stand looking down; and a sudden consonance with his mood, of overwhelming and hardly comprehensible joy, of overwhelming and hardly fathomable pain, a sudden significance will be there in the black wet street, in the long wavering reflections on the gleaming paving-stones, in the engrossed hurry of the passer-by. It will become, intimately and rightly, the appropriate background for a beginning of, or for a farewell from, life—for

the glow of a commenced love or for the dull pain of a malady ending only in death. It is that, more than anything, that London has ready for every man.

It can provide a background for everything. With the sympathy of the weeping heavens, or the irony of other men's unconcern, it remains always a background; it never obtrudes. A man may be so soothingly alone—with his joys as with his griefs.

We may hurry across the great stretches and folds of a park, with a glamorous smirched sunset, curling clouds over the distant houses, wisps of mist becoming palpably blue against the thorn-trees, and the call of a closing space and of a closing in day, indescribably mournful and distant. We may hurry to our triumph of love, to our bankruptcy, to our end or our beginning of the world. Or we may be driven behind a slipping, frightened horse through the gray empty streets, among whirls of small hard snowflakes, to a house where there are the titter and bustle of a wedding, or where on the stairs there are the heavy footfalls and muffled breathings of men carrying down the coffin of our best friend in the world. The background for either mood will be the right one. It is these things that come back to us at a distance and in odd ways. I have known a man, dying a long way from London, sigh queerly for a sight of the gush of smoke that, on the platform of the Underground, one may see, escaping in great woolly clots up a circular opening, by a grimy, rusted iron shield, into the dim upper light. He wanted to see it again as others have wished to see once more the Bay of Naples, the olive groves of Catania. Another wanted—how very much

he wanted!—to see once more the sort of carpet of pigeons on the gravel in front of a certain Museum steps; the odd top-hatted unpresentable figure of a battered man, holding a paper of bun crumbs, with pigeons on his shoulders, on his hands, crowding in between his feet and fluttering like an aureole of wings round his head.

London is a thing of these 'bits.' It is seldom that one sees at one time as much of it as one may always see of any country town. It has nothing, it never had anything, worth talking of as a spectacular expression of humanity, of that incongruous jumble of races that is in England. It has no Acropolis, no Forum Romanum, no Champs Elysées; it has not so much as a Capitol or a Nevski Prospekt. The tombs of its Kings, its Valhalla, its Senate, are, relatively to London, nowhere in particular. Viewed from a distance it is a cloud on the horizon. From the dark, further side of the Surrey hills at night, above the inky sky line of heather, of pine tops, of elms, one may see on the sky a brooding and sinister glow. That is London—manifesting itself on the clouds.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

HARRY RICHMOND IN LONDON

When the railway clerk asked me what place I wanted tickets for, London sprang to my mouth promptly in a murmur, and taking the tickets, I replied to Temple,—

'The rest of the way by rail. Uberly's sure to stop at that inn.' . . .

Later we were in yellow fog, then in brown. Temple stared at both windows and at me; he

jumped from his seat and fell on it, muttering, 'No; nonsense! I say!' but he had accurately recognised London's fog. I left him unanswered to bring up all his senses, which the railway had outstripped, for the contemplation of this fact, that we two were in the city of London.

. . . . .

It was London city, and the Bench was the kernel of it to me. I throbbed with excitement, though I sat looking out of the windows into the subterranean atmosphere quite still and firm. When you think long undividedly of a single object it gathers light, and when you draw near it in person the strange thing to your mind is the absence of that light; but I, approaching it in this dense fog, seemed to myself to be only thinking of it a little more warmly than usual, and instead of fading it reversed the process, and became, from light, luminous. Not being able, however, to imagine the Bench a happy place, I corrected the excess of brightness and gave its walls a pine-torch glow; I set them in the middle of a great square, and hung the standard of England drooping over them in a sort of mournful family pride. Then, because I next conceived it a foreign kind of place, different altogether from that home growth of ours, the Tower of London, I topped it with a multitude of domes of pumpkin or turban shape, resembling the Kremlin of Moscow, which had once leapt up in the eye of winter, glowing like a million pine-torches, and flung shadows of stretching red horses on the black smoke-drift. But what was the Kremlin, that had seen a city perish, to this Bench where my father languished! There was no comparing them for tragic horror. And the Kremlin had snowfields

around it ; this Bench was caught out of sight, hemmed in by an atmosphere thick as Charon breathed ; it might as well be underground.

'Oh! it's London,' Temple went on, correcting his incorrigible doubts about it. He jumped on the platform ; we had to call out not to lose one another. 'I say, Richie, this is London,' he said, linking his arm in mine : 'you know by the size of the station ; and besides, there's the fog. Oh! it's London. We've overshot it, we're positively in London.'

I could spare no sympathy for his feelings, and I did not respond to his inquiring looks. Now that we were here I certainly wished myself away, though I would not have retreated, and for awhile I was glad of the discomforts besetting me ; my step was hearty as I led on, meditating upon asking some one the direction to the Bench presently. We had to walk, and it was nothing but traversing on a slippery pavement atmospheric circles of black brown and brown red, and sometimes a larger circle of pale yellow ; the colours of old bruised fruits, medlars, melons, and the smell of them ; nothing is more desolate. Neither of us knew where we were, nor where we were going. We struggled through an interminable succession of squalid streets, from the one lamp visible to its neighbour in the darkness : you might have fancied yourself peering at the head of an old saint on a smoky canvas ; it was like the painting of light rather than light. Figures rushed by ; we saw no faces.

Temple spoke solemnly : 'Our dinner-hour at home is half-past six.'

A street-boy overheard him and chaffed him. Temple got the worst of it, and it did him good, for

he had the sweetest nature in the world. We declined to be attended by link-boys ; they would have hurt our sense of independence. Possessed of a sovereign faith that, by dint of resolution, I should ultimately penetrate to the great square enclosing the Bench, I walked with the air of one who had the map of London in his eye and could thread it blindfold. Temple was thereby deceived into thinking that I must somehow have learnt the direction I meant to take, and knew my way, though at the slightest indication of my halting and glancing round his suspicions began to boil, and he was for asking some one the name of the ground we stood on : he murmured, ' Fellows get lost in London.' By this time he clearly understood that I had come to London on purpose ; he could not but be aware of the object of my coming, and I was too proud, and he still too delicate, to allude to it.

The fog choked us. Perhaps it took away the sense of hunger by filling us as if we had eaten a dinner of soot. We had no craving to eat until long past the dinner-hour in Temple's house, and then I would rather have plunged into a bath and a bed than have been requested to sit at a feast ; Temple, too, I fancy.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

SONG OF THE LONDON MAN

I HAVE set my wandering sails to all the winds that blow !
But still there is a haven that my heart can ne'er forget ;
Though my restless barque must go, it will return, I know,
And for a little while, at least, its roving anchor set

By the lights of London Town
Where they flicker up and down
'Mid the throbbing of the pulses where the Tides of
Life are met ! . . .

But London, London, London ! who ne'er hath dwelt
with thee,
Hath never touched the Centre where the Tides of
Life are met—
Hath never felt the blood-beat in the heart of things
that be,
Hath never known the fever that the soul may ne'er
forget !

And London, London, London ! it is thy voice that
calls !
I could hear its myriad murmurs in the land beyond
the foam,
Could trace the Abbey's grandeur and the gloom of
old St. Paul's,
Uplifting o'er thy feverish ways its calm and sombre
dome ;
The murmurs oft would haunt me, like an echo that
enthrals,
The vision oft would taunt me, like a dream that
fades and falls,
And soon or late I would return to my haven and my
home,—
For thine the spell to lure me back wherever I might
roam ! . . .

But London, London, London ! thy sorcery still
enthrals,
Though I know thee like a woman with a veiled and
double face !

Thy glittering eyes seem beauteous all ere yet the
Yasmak falls,
But when the veil is lifted, thy lovers sadly trace
One half of thee a hideous hag—a misery that appals !
The other half a brilliant queen of gladness and of
grace !
And London, London, London ! I take thee as thou
art,
With all the glory and the shame that are of thee a
part !
Life's fearful inequalities may baffle—as they must—
But the good in thee I welcome ; the evil I will trust
To the gods I do not understand—though they per-
chance are just ! . . .

I've slept in pungent pinewoods, all scented through
and through,
Where stately trees dropt limpid gums, that grew to
amber balls ;
I've wandered through the balmy ways where plants
of healing grew,
From Arabia's balm of Gilead to the balsam of Peru !
But London, London, London ! it is thy voice that
calls !
I could hear its myriad murmurs in the lands beyond
the foam !
Could trace the Abbey's grandeur, or the gloom of
old St. Paul's
Uplifting o'er thy misty morns a vast and sombre
dome.
The murmurs oft would haunt me, like an echo that
enthrals,
The vision oft would taunt me, like a dream that
fades and falls,

And soon or late I would return to my haven and my home ;
For thine the spell to lure me back, wherever I might roam ! . . .

I have gazed on scenes of beauty, I have dwelt where beauty dwells,
Where the blue ocean reaches to lave its golden beaches,
And all its music tells to the silvery dust of shells
On the low strand that beseeches ;
Where it breaks in dimpling smiles round the fretted coral isles,
Or to prove them still unshaken all its crested waves doth waken,
To dash a foamy whiteness o'er the rosy-tinted brightness,
Or the pearly-gleaming beauty of the coral citadels.

But London, London, London ! I have come back to thee,
From the magic of the moonlight, and the mystery of the sea !
There is a spell thou wieldest—a charm thou hast for me,—
'Tis the throbbing of the pulses in the heart of things that be !

ALICE DACRE MACKAY.

WELCOME TO LONDON

Tuesday, April 1, 1712.

Mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur.—HORACE.
Thyself the moral of the Fable see.—CREECH.

JOCASTA is known as a woman of learning and fashion, and as one of the most amiable persons of

this court and country. She is at home two mornings of the week, and all the wits and a few of the beauties of London flock to her assemblies. When she goes abroad to Tunbridge or the Bath, a retinue of adorers rides the journey with her; and besides the London beaux, she has a crowd of admirers at the Wells, the polite amongst the natives of Sussex and Somerset pressing round her tea-tables, and being anxious for a nod from her chair. Jocasta's acquaintance is thus very numerous. Indeed, 'tis one smart writer's work to keep her visiting-book; a strong footman is engaged to carry it; and it would require a much stronger head even than Jocasta's own to remember the names of all her dear friends.

Either at Epsom Wells or at Tunbridge (for of this important matter Jocasta cannot be certain) it was her ladyship's fortune to become acquainted with a young gentleman, whose conversation was so sprightly, and manners amiable, that she invited the agreeable young spark to visit her if ever he came to London, where her house in Spring Garden should be open to him. Charming as he was, and without any manner of doubt a pretty fellow, Jocasta hath such a regiment of the like continually marching round her standard, that 'tis no wonder her attention is distracted amongst them. And so, though this gentleman made a considerable impression upon her, and touched her heart for at least three-and-twenty minutes, it must be owned that she has forgotten his name. He is a dark man, and may be eight-and-twenty years old. His dress is sober, though of rich materials. He has a mole on his forehead over his left eye, has a blue ribbon to his cane and sword, and wears his own hair.

Jocasta was much flattered by beholding her admirer (for that everybody admires who sees her is a point which she never can for a moment doubt) in the next pew to her at St. James's Church last Sunday; and the manner in which he appeared to go to sleep during the sermon—though from under his fringed eyelids it was evident he was casting glances of respectful rapture towards Jocasta—deeply moved and interested her. On coming out of church, he found his way to her chair, and made her an elegant bow as she stepped into it. She saw him at Court afterwards, where he carried himself with a most distinguished air, though none of her acquaintances knew his name; and the next night he was at the play, where her ladyhsip was pleased to acknowledge him from the side-box. . . .

'Welcome to London, sir,' says she. 'One can see you are from the country by your looks.' She would have said 'Epsom,' or 'Tunbridge,' had she remembered rightly at which place she had met the stranger; but, alas! she had forgotten.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE SPIRIT OF LONDON

I HAVE no respect for the Englishman who re-enters London, after long residence abroad, without a pulse that beats quick, and a heart that heaves high. The public buildings are few, and, for the most part, mean; the monuments of antiquity not comparable to those which the prettiest town in Italy can boast of; the palaces are sad rubbish: the houses of our peers and princes are shabby and shapeless heaps of brick. But what of all this? the spirit of London is in her thoroughfares—her population! What

wealth—what cleanliness—what order—what animation! How majestic, and yet how vivid, is the life that runs through her myriad veins! How, as the lamps blaze upon you at night, and street after street glides by your wheels, each so regular in its symmetry, so equal in its civilization—how all speak of the CITY OF FREEMEN!

Yes, Maltravers felt his heart swell within him, as the post-horses whirled on his dingy carriage—over Westminster Bridge — along Whitehall — through Regent Street—towards one of the quiet and private house-like hotels, that are scattered round the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square.

Ernest's arrival had been expected. He had written from Paris to Cleveland to announce it; and Cleveland had, in reply, informed him that he had engaged apartments for him at Mivart's. The smiling waiters ushered him into a spacious and well-aired room—the arm-chair was already wheeled by the fire —a score or so of letters strewed the table, together with two of the evening papers. And how eloquently of busy England do those evening papers speak! A stranger might have felt that he wanted no friend to welcome him—the whole room smiled on him a welcome. Maltravers ordered his dinner and opened his letters. . . . From these epistles Ernest turned impatiently, and perceived a little three-cornered note which had hitherto escaped his attention. It was from Cleveland, intimating that he was in town; that his health still precluded his going out, but that he trusted to see his dear Ernest as soon as he arrived.

Maltravers was delighted at the prospect of passing his evening so agreeably; he soon despatched his dinner and his newspapers, and walked in the brilliant

lamplight of a clear frosty evening of early December in London, to his friend's house in Curzon Street: a small house, bachelor-like and unpretending; for Cleveland spent his moderate though easy fortune almost entirely at his country villa. The familiar face of the old valet greeted Ernest at the door, and he only paused to hear that his guardian was nearly recovered to his usual health, ere he was in the cheerful drawing-room, and—since Englishmen do not embrace—returning the cordial gripe of the kindly Cleveland. . . .

Ernest Maltravers was now fairly launched upon the wide ocean of London. Amongst his other property was a house in Seamore Place—that quiet, yet central street, which enjoys the air without the dust of the Park. It had been hitherto let, and, the tenant now quitting very opportunely, Maltravers was delighted to secure so pleasant a residence: for he was still romantic enough to desire to look out upon trees and verdure rather than brick houses. He indulged only in two other luxuries: his love of music tempted him to an opera-box, and he had that English feeling which prides itself in the possession of beautiful horses—a feeling that enticed him into an extravagance on this head that baffled the competition and excited the envy of much richer men. But four thousand a year goes a great way with a single man who does not gamble, and is too philosophical to make superfluities wants. . . . The trench, no doubt, considers the pond in which he lives as the Great World. There is no place, however stagnant, which is not the great world to the creatures that move about in it. People who have lived all their lives in a village still talk of the world

as if they had ever seen it! An old woman in a hovel does not put her nose out of her door on a Sunday without thinking she is going amongst the pomps and vanities of the great world. *Ergo*, the great world is to all of us the little circle in which we live. But as fine people set the fashion, so the circle of fine people is called the Great World, *par excellence.* Now this great world is not a bad thing when we thoroughly understand it; and the London great world is at least as good as any other. But then we scarcely *do* understand that or anything else in our *beaux jours*—which, if they are sometimes the most exquisite, are also often the most melancholy and the most wasted portion of our life. Maltravers had not yet found out either *the set* that pleased him or the species of amusement that really amused. Therefore he drifted on and about the vast whirlpool, making plenty of friends—going to balls and dinners —and bored with both, as men are who have no object in society. Now the way society is enjoyed is to have a pursuit, a *métier* of some kind, and then to go into the world, either to make the individual object a social pleasure, or to obtain a reprieve from some toilsome avocation. Thus if you are a politician —politics at once make an object in your closet, and a social tie between others and yourself when you are in the world. The same may be said of literature, though in a less degree; and though, as fewer persons care about literature than politics, your companions must be more select. If you are very young, you are fond of dancing; if you are very profligate, perhaps you are fond of flirtations with your friend's wife. These last are objects in their way: but they don't last long, and, even with the most frivolous, are not

occupations that satisfy the whole mind and heart, in which there is generally an aspiration after something useful. It is not vanity alone that makes a man of the *mode* invent a new bit, or give his name to a new kind of carriage ; it is the influence of that mystic yearning after utility, which is one of the master-ties between the individual and the species. . . . At length—just when London begins to grow most pleasant—when flirtations become tender, and water-parties numerous—when birds sing in the groves of Richmond, and whitebait refresh the statesman by the shores of Greenwich—Maltravers abruptly fled from the gay metropolis, and arrived, one lovely evening in July, at his own ivy-grown porch of Burleigh. LORD LYTTON.

HERRICK'S RETURN TO LONDON

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity !
Thus, thus, with hallow'd foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful Genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, year by year ;
O place ! O people ! manners ! framed to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward, let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee !

For, rather than I'll to the West return.
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred relics burial.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TOM PINCH'S JOURNEY TO LONDON

Oh! what a different town Salisbury was in Tom Pinch's eyes to be sure, when the substantial Pecksniff of his heart melted away into an idle dream! He possessed the same faith in the wonderful shops, the same intensified appreciation of the mystery and wickedness of the place; made the same exalted estimate of its wealth, population, and resources; and yet it was not the old city nor anything like it. He walked into the market while they were getting breakfast ready for him at the Inn: and though it was the same market as of old, crowded by the same buyers and sellers; brisk with the same business; noisy with the same confusion of tongues and clattering of fowls in coops; fair with the same display of rolls of butter, newly made, set forth in linen cloths of dazzling whiteness; green with the same fresh show of dewy vegetables; dainty with the same array in higglers' baskets of small shaving-glasses, laces, braces, trouser-straps, and hardware; savoury with the same unstinted show of delicate pigs' feet, and pies made precious by the pork that once had walked upon them: still it was strangely changed to Tom. For, in the centre of the market-place, he missed a statue he had set up there, as in all other places of his personal resort; and it looked cold and bare without that ornament. . . .

The organist's assistant gave it as his decided opinion that whatever Tom did, he must go to London; for there was no place like it. Which may be true in the main, though hardly, perhaps, in itself, a sufficient reason for Tom's going there.

But Tom had thought of London before, and had coupled with it thoughts of his sister, and of his old friend John Westlock, whose advice he naturally felt disposed to seek in this important crisis of his fortunes. To London, therefore, he resolved to go; and he went away to the coach-office at once, to secure his place. The coach being already full, he was obliged to postpone his departure until the next night; but even this circumstance had its bright side as well as its dark one, for though it threatened to reduce his poor purse with unexpected country-charges, it afforded him an opportunity of writing to Mrs. Lupin and appointing his box to be brought to the old finger-post at the old time; which would enable him to take that treasure with him to the metropolis, and save the expense of its carriage. 'So,' said Tom, comforting himself, 'it's very nearly as broad as it's long.'

And it cannot be denied that, when he had made up his mind to even this extent, he felt an unaccustomed sense of freedom—a vague and indistinct impression of holiday-making—which was very luxurious. He had his moments of depression and anxiety, and they were, with good reason, pretty numerous; but still, it was wonderfully pleasant to reflect that he was his own master, and could plan and scheme for himself. It was startling, thrilling, vast, difficult to understand; it was a stupendous truth, teeming with responsibility and self-distrust; but, in spite of

all his cares, it gave a curious relish to the viands at the Inn, and interposed a dreamy haze between him and his prospects, in which they sometimes showed to magical advantage.

In this unsettled state of mind, Tom went once more to bed in the low four-poster, to the same immovable surprise of the effigies of the former landlord and the fat ox ; and in this condition, passed the whole of the succeeding day. When the coach came round at last, with ' London ' blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn, that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it ; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four greys, felt as if he were another grey himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out ; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendour of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman ; for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four greys were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road, could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat, and stuck it on again ; as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could

befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a-day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman, and such a guard, never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a devil of a life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the Cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four greys skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the greys; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders'

coupling-reins, to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees ; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow ; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards ; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho ! Yoho ! . . .

Yoho, among the gathering shades ; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village-green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where topers congregate about the door admiring ; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them.

Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!

Yoho, behind there, stop that bugle for a moment! Come creeping over to the front, along the coach-roof, guard, and make one at this basket! Not that we slacken in our pace the while, not we: we rather put the bits of blood upon their metal, for the greater glory of the snack. Ah! It is long since this bottle of old wine was brought into contact with the mellow breath of night, you may depend, and rare good stuff it is to wet a bugler's whistle with. Only try it. Don't be afraid of turning up your finger, Bill, another pull! Now, take your breath, and try the bugle, Bill. There's music! There's a tone! 'Over the hills and far away,' indeed. Yoho! The skittish mare is all alive to-night. Yoho! Yoho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it: making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him;* and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on. Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-

side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-Hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the Hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before: as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why now we travel like the Moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the Moon!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past waggons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty-seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve! Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London!

CHARLES DICKENS.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT TO LONDON

GLASTONBURY . . . informed his friends that it was necessary for him to visit the metropolis; and as young Ferdinand Armine had never yet seen London,

he proposed that he should accompany him. . . . As for Ferdinand, it is difficult to describe the delight which the anticipation of his visit occasioned him. The three days that were to elapse before his departure did not seem sufficient to ensure the complete packing of his portmanteau : and his excited manner, the rapidity of his conversation, and the restlessness of his movements were very diverting.

'Mamma ! is London twenty times bigger than Nottingham ? How big is it, then ? Shall we travel all night ? What o'clock is it now ? I wonder if Thursday will ever come ? I think I shall go to bed early, to finish the day sooner. Do you think my cap is good enough to travel in ? I shall buy a hat in London. I shall get up early the very first morning and buy a hat. Do you think my uncle is in London ? I wish Augustus were not at Eton, perhaps he would be there. I wonder if Mr. Glastonbury will take me to see St. Paul's ! I wonder if he will take me to the play. I'd give anything to go to the play. I should like to go to the play and St. Paul's ! What fun it will be dining on the road !'

It did, indeed, seem that Thursday would never come ; yet it came at last. The travellers were obliged to rise before the sun, and drive over to Nottingham to meet their coach ; so they bid their adieux the previous eve. As for Ferdinand, so fearful was he of losing the coach, that he scarcely slept, and was never convinced that he was really in time until he found himself planted in breathless agitation outside of the Dart light post-coach. It was the first time in his life that he had ever travelled outside of a coach. He felt all the excitement of expanding experience and advancing manhood. They whirled

along. At the end of every stage Ferdinand followed the example of his fellow-travellers and dismounted, and then with sparkling eyes hurried to Glastonbury, who was inside, to inquire how he sped. 'Capital travelling, isn't it, sir? Did the ten miles within the hour. You have no idea what a fellow our coachman is; and the guard, such a fellow our guard! Don't wait here a moment. Can I get anything for you? We dine at Mill-field. What fun!'

Away whirled the dashing Dart over the rich plains of our merry Midland; a quick and dazzling vision of golden corn-fields and lawny pasture land: farm-houses embowered in orchards and hamlets shaded by the straggling members of some vast and ancient forest. Then rose in the distance the dim blue towers, or the graceful spire, of some old cathedral, and soon the spreading causeways announce their approach to some provincial capital. The coachman flanks his leaders, who break into a gallop; the guard sounds his triumphant bugle; the coach bounds over the noble bridge that spans a stream covered with craft; public buildings, guildhalls, and county gaols rise on each side. Rattling through many an inferior way, they at length emerged into the High Street, the observed of all observers, and mine host of the Red Lion, or the White Hart, followed by all his waiters, advances from his portal with a smile to receive the 'gentlemen passengers.'

'The coach stops here half an hour, gentlemen: dinner quite ready!'

'Tis a delightful sound. And what a dinner! What a profusion of substantial delicacies! What mighty and iris-tinted rounds of beef! What vast and marble-veined ribs! What gelatinous veal pies!

What colossal hams! Those are evidently prize cheeses! And how invigorating is the perfume of those various and variegated pickles! Then the bustle emulating the plenty; the ringing of bells, the clash of thoroughfare, the summoning of ubiquitous waiters, and the all-pervading feeling of omnipotence, from the guests, who order what they please, to the landlord, who can produce and execute everything they can desire. 'Tis a wondrous sight. Why should a man go and see the pyramids and cross the desert, when he has not beheld York Minster or travelled on the Road!

Our little Ferdinand, amid all this novelty, heartily enjoyed himself, and did ample justice to mine host's good cheer. They were soon again whirling along the road; but at sunset Ferdinand, at the instance of Glastonbury, availed himself of his inside place, and wearied by the air and the excitement of the day, he soon fell soundly asleep.

Several hours had elapsed, when, awaking from a confused dream in which Armine and all he had lately seen were blended together, he found his fellow-travellers slumbering, and the mail dashing along through the illuminated streets of a great city. The streets were thickly thronged. Ferdinand stared at the magnificence of the shops blazing with lights, and the multitude of men and vehicles moving in all directions. The guard sounded his bugle with treble energy, and the coach suddenly turned through an arched entrance into the courtyard of an old-fashioned inn. His fellow-passengers started and rubbed their eyes.

'So we have arrived, I suppose,' grumbled one of these gentlemen, taking off his night-cap.

'Yes, gentlemen; I am happy to say our journey

is finished,' said a more polite voice, 'and a very pleasant one I have found it. Porter, have the goodness to call me a coach.'

'And one for me,' added the gruff voice.

'Mr. Glastonbury,' whispered the awe-struck Ferdinand, 'is this London?'

'This is London: but we have yet two or three miles to go before we reach our quarters. I think we had better alight and look after our luggage. Gentlemen, good evening!'

Mr. Glastonbury hailed a coach, into which, having safely deposited their portmanteaux, he and Ferdinand entered; but our young friend was so entirely overcome by his feelings and the genius of the place that he was quite unable to make an observation. Each minute the streets seemed to grow more spacious and more brilliant, and the multitude more dense and more excited. Beautiful buildings, too, rose before him; palaces, and churches, and streets, and squares of imposing architecture. To his inexperienced eye and unsophisticated spirit their route appeared a never-ending triumph. To the hackney-coachman, however, who had no imagination, and who was quite satiated with metropolitan experience, it only appeared that he had an exceeding good fare, and that he was jogging up from Bishopsgate Street to Charing Cross.

When Jarvis, therefore, had safely deposited his charge at Morley's Hotel, in Cockspur Street, and extorted from them an extra shilling, in consideration of their evident rustication, he bent his course towards the Opera House; for clouds were gathering, and, with the favour of Providence, there seemed a chance about midnight of picking up some helpless

beau, or desperate cabless dandy, the choicest victim, in a midnight shower, of these public conveyancers.

The coffee-room at Morley's was a new scene of amusement to Ferdinand, and he watched with great diversion the two evening papers portioned out among twelve eager quidnuncs, and the evident anxiety which they endured, and the nice diplomacies to which they resorted, to obtain the envied journals. The entrance of our two travellers, so alarmingly increasing the demand over the supply, at first seemed to attract considerable and not very friendly notice ; but when a malignant half-pay officer, in order to revenge himself for the restless watchfulness of his neighbour, a political doctor of divinity, offered the journal, which he had long finished, to Glastonbury, and it was declined, the general alarm visibly diminished. Poor Mr. Glastonbury had never looked into a newspaper in his life, save the *County Chronicle*, to which he occasionally contributed a communication, giving an account of the digging up of some old coins, signed Antiquarius ; or of the exhumation of some fossil remains, to which he more boldly appended his initials.

In spite of the strange clatter in the streets, Ferdinand slept well, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, himself and his fellow-traveller set out on their peregrinations. Young and sanguine, full of health and enjoyment, innocent and happy, it was with difficulty that Ferdinand could restrain his spirits as he mingled in the bustle of the streets. It was a bright sunny morning, and although the end of June, the town was yet quite full.

' Is this Charing Cross, sir ? I wonder if we shall ever be able to get over. Is this the fullest part of

the town, sir? What a fine day, sir! How lucky we are in the weather! We are lucky in everything! Whose house is that? Northumberland House! Is it the Duke of Northumberland's? Does he live there? How I should like to see it! Is it very fine? Who is that? What is this? The Admiralty; oh, let me see the Admiralty! The Horse Guards! Oh! where, where? Let us set our watches by the Horse Guards. The guard of our coach always sets his watch by the Horse Guards. Mr. Glastonbury, which is the best clock, the Horse Guards or St. Paul's? Is that the Treasury? Can we go in? That is Downing Street, is it? I never heard of Downing Street. What do they do in Downing Street? Is this Charing Cross still, or is it Parliament Street? Where does Charing Cross end, and where does Parliament Street begin? By Jove, I see Westminster Abbey!'

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

HENRY RYECROFT WILL REVISIT LONDON

Some day I will go to London and revisit all the places where I housed in the time of my greatest poverty. I have not seen them for a quarter of a century or so. Not long ago, had anyone asked me how I felt about these memories, I should have said that there were certain street names, certain mental images of obscure London, which made me wretched as often as they came before me; but, in truth, it is a very long time since I was moved to any sort of bitterness by that retrospect of things hard and squalid. Now, owning all the misery of it in comparison with what should have been, I find that part

of life interesting and pleasant to look back upon—greatly more so than many subsequent times, when I lived amid decencies and had enough to eat. Some day I will go to London, and spend a day or two amid the dear old horrors. Some of the places, I know, have disappeared. I see the winding way by which I went from Oxford Street, at the foot of Tottenham Court Road, to Leicester Square, and, somewhere in the labyrinth (I think of it as always foggy and gas-lit) was a shop which had pies and puddings in the window, puddings and pies kept hot by steam rising through the perforated metal. How many a time have I stood there, raging with hunger, unable to purchase even one pennyworth of food! The shop and the street have long since vanished; does any man remember them so feelingly as I? But I think most of my haunts are still in existence: to tread again those pavements, to look at those grimy doorways and purblind windows, would affect me strangely.

I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top-floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. (I once *found* sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a wash-stand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here *I wrote.* Yes, 'literary work' was done at that

filthy deal table, on which, by the bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. At night, as I lay in bed, I used to hear the tramp, tramp of a *posse* of policemen who passed along the alley on their way to relieve guard; their heavy feet sometimes sounded on the grating above my window.

I recall a tragi-comical incident of life at the British Museum. Once, on going down into the lavatory to wash my hands, I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: 'Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions.' Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine. I laughed heartily at the notice, but it meant so much.

Some of my abodes I have utterly forgotten; for one reason or another, I was always moving—an easy matter when all my possessions lay in one small trunk. Sometimes the people of the house were intolerable. In those days I was not fastidious, and I seldom had any but the slightest intercourse with those who dwelt under the same roof, yet it happened now and then that I was driven away by human proximity which passed my endurance. In other cases I had to flee from pestilential conditions. How I escaped mortal illness in some of those places (miserably fed as I always was, and always overworking myself) is a great mystery. The worst that befell me was a slight attack of diphtheria—trace-

able, I imagine, to the existence of a dust-bin *under the staircase.* When I spoke of the matter to the landlady, she was at first astonished, then wrathful, and my departure was expedited with many insults.

On the whole, however, I had nothing much to complain of except my poverty. You cannot expect great comfort in London for four-and-sixpence a week—the most I ever could pay for a 'furnished room with attendance' in those days of pretty stern apprenticeship. And I was easily satisfied; I wanted only a little walled space in which I could seclude myself, free from external annoyance. Certain comforts of civilized life I ceased even to regret; a stair-carpet I regarded as rather extravagant, and a carpet on the floor of my room was luxury undreamt of. My sleep was sound; I have passed nights of dreamless repose on beds which it would now make my bones ache only to look at. A door that locked, a fire in winter, a pipe of tobacco—these were things essential; and, granted these, I have been often richly contented in the squalidest garret. One such lodging is often in my memory; it was at Islington, not far from the City Road; my window looked upon the Regent's Canal. As often as I think of it, I recall what was perhaps the worst London fog I ever knew; for three successive days, at least, my lamp had to be kept burning; when I looked through the window, I saw, at moments, a few blurred lights in the street beyond the Canal, but for the most part nothing but a yellowish darkness, which caused the glass to reflect the firelight and my own face. Did I feel miserable? Not a bit of it. The enveloping gloom seemed to make my chimney-corner only the more cosy. I had coals, oil, tobacco in sufficient

quantity ; I had a book to read ; I had work which interested me ; so I went forth only to get my meals at a City Road coffee-shop, and hastened back to the fireside. Oh, my ambitions, my hopes !

GEORGE GISSING.

TOO LATE

Too late for love, too late for joy,
  Too late, too late !
You loitered on the road too long,
  You trifled at the gate :
The enchanted dove upon her branch
  Died without a mate ;
The enchanted princess in her tower
  Slept, died, behind the grate ;
Her heart was starving all this while
  You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
  One year ago,
Even then you had arrived in time,
  Though somewhat slow ;
Then you had known her living face
  Which now you cannot know :
The frozen fountain would have leaped,
  The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked
  To melt the snow.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

IN LONDON STREETS

I declare there is no place which contains more delightful walks for a cloudy Sunday forenoon, when the clang of the bells has finished, and the scanty worshippers are in their places, and the sleepy sextons have shut the doors, than the streets and lanes of the old City.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

In regard to movement, the scenery of the streets has no likeness to anything in nature. Clouds ing one way, streams flow, trees toss, thrill, and remain, but the crowd moves all ways without ever changing its spots, its dull violence of colour and contrast. Summer and day make the streets impossible for the painter. Yet the summer of London is most local and characteristic—not only in the west, when the scent of mignonette and the recurrent click of the bearing-rein and bit where carriages stand waiting are the very signs of town; summer at the Bank, summer that gives to the walls of Lombard Street a faint hint of reflected light, and fills at a glance ten thousand serried windows with the images of the sun. If there is anywhere a lack of spirit and sweetness, it is only that sunshine, with every tree and every flower, is converted to London and turns a Londoner.

But such charms as there may still be in the touches of the sun are perceptible rather in the few streets that keep their ancient narrowness. Here is precisely the possibility of that inter-reflection of sunshine and warm light, from house to facing house, which in its gentle splendour is the chief loveliness of summer in southern cities, where walls are here and there blank, and tenderly coloured. Reflected light is the beauty of shadows, and really one may see a shadow faintly so transformed in the course of the delicate curves of City streets. Such curves are not in the wider street; they are beautiful,

apart from the chances and changes of light which they foster, and many a narrow street leading to the right and to the left out of Cheapside, or some other of the central London ways, takes curves as subtle as those of a swimming fish's tail. Otherwise London curves are distressingly ugly and dreary—those of a crescent, for example. But as much as the crescent offends, the light wave of a fish's-tail street pleases the eye, with its fine deflections. A wave of this kind is frequent enough in villages, but a certain height in the houses gives it all its character in London.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE STREET

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago :
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hopes of human-kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay.
Lo ! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose over-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
' We, only, truly live, but ye are dead.'
Alas ! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

LONDON'S MAGNIFICENT MYSTIFICATIONS

The great misfortune of London to the eye (it is true that this remark applies much less to the City) is the

want of elevation. There is no architectural impression without a certain degree of height, and the London street-vista has none of that sort of pride.

All the same, if there be not the intention, there is at least the accident of style, which, if one looks at it in a friendly way, appears to proceed from three sources. One of these is simply the general greatness, and the manner in which that makes a difference for the better in any particular spot; so that, though you may often perceive yourself to be in a shabby corner, it never occurs to you that this is the end of it. Another is the atmosphere, with its magnificent mystifications, which flatters and superfuses, makes everything brown, rich, dim, vague, magnifies distances and minimises details, confirms the inference of vastness by suggesting that, as the great city makes everything, it makes its own system of weather and its own optical laws. The last is the congregation of the parks, which constitute an ornament not elsewhere to be matched, and give the place a superiority that none of its uglinesses overcome. They spread themselves with such a luxury of space in the centre of the town that they form a part of the impression of any walk, of almost any view, and, with an audacity altogether their own, make a pastoral landscape under the smoky sky. There is no mood of the rich London climate that is not becoming to them—I have seen them look delightfully romantic, like parks in novels, in the wettest winter—and there is scarcely a mood of the appreciative resident to which they have not something to say. The high things of London which here and there peep over them, only make the spaces vaster by reminding you that you are, after all,

not in Kent or Yorkshire ; and these things, whatever they be—rows of 'eligible' dwellings, towers of churches, domes of institutions—take such an effective grey-blue tint that a clever water-colourist would seem to have put them in for pictorial reasons.

The view from the bridge over the Serpentine has an extraordinary nobleness, and it has often seemed to me that the Londoner, twitted with his low standard, may point to it with every confidence. In all the town-scenery of Europe there can be few things so fine ; the only reproach it is open to is that it begs the question by seeming—in spite of its being the pride of five millions of people—not to belong to a town at all. The towers of Notre Dame, as they rise in Paris from the island that divides the Seine, present themselves no more impressively than those of Westminster as you see them looking doubly far beyond the shining stretch of Hyde Park water. Equally delectable is the large river-like manner in which the Serpentine opens away between its wooded shores. Just after you have crossed the bridge (whose very bannisters, old and ornamental, of yellowish-brown stone, I am particularly fond of) you enjoy on your left, through the gate of Kensington Gardens as you go towards Bayswater, an altogether enchanting vista—a footpath over the grass, which loses itself beneath the scattered oaks and elms exactly as if the place were a 'chase.' There could be nothing less like London in general than this particular morsel, and yet it takes London, of all cities, to give you such an impression of the country.

HENRY JAMES.

A CITY SQUARE

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in a city square ;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there !

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least !
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast ;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast. . . .

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses ! Why ?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye !
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry ;

You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by ;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high ;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

. . . . .

Oh, a day in a city square, there is no such pleasure in life !

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE HEART OF CITY LIFE

I had just extinguished my candle and lain down when a deep, low mighty tone swung through the night. At first I knew it not: but it was uttered twelve times, and at the twelfth colossal boom and trembling knell, I said: 'I lie in the shadow of St. Paul's.'

The next day was the first of March, and when I awoke, rose, and opened my curtain, I saw the risen sun struggling through fog. Above my head, above the house-tops, at-elevate almost with the clouds, I saw a solemn, arched mass, dark-blue and dim—vast dome. While I looked, my inmost self moved: my spirit shook its always-fettered wings half loose: I had a sudden feeling as if I, who never yet truly lived, were at last about to taste life. In that morning my soul grew as vast as Jonah's gourd.

I like the spirit of this great London which I feel around me. What but a coward would pass his whole life in London, and for ever abandon his faculties to the eating rust of obscurity?

Prodigious was the amount of life I lived that morning. Finding myself before St. Paul's I went in; I mounted to the dome: I saw there London, with its river, and its bridges, and its churches; I saw eastward Westminster and the great Temple Gardens, with sun upon them, and a glad, blue sky, of early spring above; and, between them and us, not too dense a cloud of haze.

Descending, I went wandering whither chance might lead, in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment, and I got—I know not how—I got into the heart of

THE PORTICO OF ST. PAUL'S

city life. I saw and felt London at last: I got into the Strand; I went up Cornhill; I mixed with the life passing along; I dared the perils of crossings. To do this, and to do it utterly alone, gave me, perhaps, an irrational, but a real pleasure. Since those days I have seen the West End, the parks, the fine squares; but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest: its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, and sounds. The City is getting its living—the West End but enjoying its pleasure. At the West End you may be amused, but in the City you are deeply excited.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

LONDON STREETS

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy paviour thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown :
But more my country's love demands my lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And ' Clean your shoes !' resounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries,—
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide :
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows and rains and soaking sleet. . . .

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command :
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce ;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease ;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's assemblies, or the play,—
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane ;
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;

The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
O, may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienced danger sings!

JOHN GAY

HYMN OF THE CITY

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

The golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest
Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IN A LONDON STREET

Have no fear in judging between Nature and art, so only that you love both. If you can love one only, then let it be Nature; you are safe with her: but do not then attempt to judge the art, to which you do not care to give thought or time. But if you love both, you may judge between them fearlessly; you may estimate the last, by its making you remember the first, and giving you the same kind of joy. If, in the square of the city, you can find a delight, finite, indeed, but pure and intense, like that which you have in a valley among the hills, then its art and architecture are right; but if, after fair trial, you can find no delight in them, nor any instruction like that of Nature, I call on you fearlessly to condemn them.

We are forced, for the sake of accumulating our power and knowledge, to live in cities: but such advantage as we have in association with each other is in great part counterbalanced by our loss of fellowship with Nature. We cannot all have our gardens now, nor our pleasant fields to meditate in at eventide. Then the function of our architecture is, as far as may be, to replace these; to tell us about Nature; to possess us with memories of her quiet-

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

ness ; to be solemn and full of tenderness, like her, and rich in portraitures of her ; full of delicate imagery of the flowers we can no more gather, and of the living creatures now far away from us in their own solitude. If ever you felt or found this in a London street,—if ever it furnished you with one serious thought, or one ray of true and gentle pleasure,—if there is in your heart a true delight in its grim railings and dark casements, and wasteful finery of shops, and feeble coxcombry of club-houses,—it is well : promote the building of more like them. But if they never taught you anything, and never made you happier as you passed beneath them, do not think they have any mysterious goodness nor occult sublimity. Have done with the wretched affectation, the futile barbarism, of pretending to enjoy ; for, as surely as you know that the meadow grass, meshed with fairy rings, is better than the wood pavement, cut into hexagons ; and as surely as you know the fresh winds and sunshine of the upland are better than the choke-damp of the vault, or the gas-light of the ball-room, you may know, as I told you that you should, that the good architecture, which has life, and truth, and joy in it, is better than the bad architecture, which has death, dishonesty, and vexation of heart in it, from the beginning to the end of time.

JOHN RUSKIN.

STREET COMPANIONS

WHENE'ER through Gray's Inn porch I stray
I meet a spirit by the way,
He wanders with me all alone,
And talks with me in undertone.

The crowd is busy seeking gold,
It cannot see what I behold ;
I and the spirit pass along
Unknown, unnoticed, in the throng.

While on the grass the children run,
And maids go loitering in the sun,
I roam beneath the ancient trees,
And talk with him of mysteries.

The dull brick houses of the square,
The bustle of the thoroughfare,
The sounds, the sights, the crush of men,
Are present but forgotten then.

I see them, but I heed them not ;
I hear, but silence clothes the spot ;
All voices die upon my brain
Except the spirit's in the lane.

He breathes to me his burning thought,
He utters words with wisdom fraught,
He tells me truly what I am—
I walk with mighty Verulam.

He goes with me through crowded ways,
A friend and mentor in the maze,
Through Chancery Lane to Lincoln's Inn,
To Fleet Street, through the moil and din.

I meet another spirit there,
A blind old man with forehead fair,
Who ever walks the right-hand side,
Towards the fountain of St. Bride.

Amid the peal of jangling bells,
Or people's roar that falls and swells,
The whirl of wheels and tramp of steeds,
He talks to me of noble deeds.

I hear his voice above the crush,
As to and fro the people rush ;
Benign and calm upon his face
Sits Melancholy, robed in grace.

He hath no need of common eyes,
He sees the fields of Paradise ;
He sees and pictures unto mine
A gorgeous vision, most divine. . . .

With such companions at my side
I float on London's human tide ;
An atom on its billows thrown,
But lonely never, nor alone.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE GONDOLA OF LONDON

'The hansom cab, 'tis the gondola of London.'
LORD BEACONSFIELD.

If ever London has her epic poet, I think he will sing the omnibus ; but the poet who sings the hansom must be of a lyrical note. I do not see how he could be too lyrical, for anything more like song does not move on wheels, and its rapid rhythm suggests the quick play of fancy in that impetuous form. . . . Nothing is more deceitful than the cheapness of the hansom, for it is such an immediate and constant convenience that the unwary stranger's shilling has slipped from him in a sovereign before he knows,

with the swift succession of occasions when the hansom seems imperative. A 'bus is inexpensive, but it is stolid and bewildering ; a hansom is always cheerfully intelligent. It will set you down at the very place you seek ; you need walk neither to it or from it ; a nod, a glance, summons it or dismisses. The 'bus may be kind, but it is not flattering, and the hansom is flattering as well as kind ; flattering to one's pride, one's doubt, one's timid hope. It takes all the responsibility for your prompt and unerring arrival ; and you may trust it almost implicitly.

W. D. HOWELLS.

O, CHEAPSIDE ! CHEAPSIDE !

So I set out on my walk to see the wonders of the big city, and, as chance would have it, I directed my course to the east. The day, as I have already said, had become very fine, so that I saw the great city to advantage, and the wonders thereof : and much I admired all I saw ; and, amongst other things, the huge cathedral, standing so proudly on the most commanding ground in the big city ; and I looked up to the mighty dome, surrounded by a golden cross, and I said within myself, ' That dome must needs be the finest in the world ;' and I gazed upon it till my eyes reeled, and my brain became dizzy, and I thought that the dome would fall and crush me ; and I shrank within myself, and struck yet deeper into the heart of the big city.

' O, Cheapside ! Cheapside !' said I, as I advanced up that mighty thoroughfare, ' truly thou art a wonderful place for hurry, noise, and riches ! Men talk of the bazaars of the East—I have never seen

them—but I dare say that, compared with thee, they are poor places, silent places, abounding with empty boxes, O thou pride of London's east!—mighty mart of old renown!—for thou art not a place of yesterday: long before the Roses red and white battled in fair England thou didst exist—a place of throng and bustle—a place of gold and silver, perfumes and fine linen. Centuries ago thou couldst extort the praises even of the fiercest foes of England. Fierce bards of Wales, sworn foes of England, sang thy praises centuries ago; and even the fiercest of them all, Red Julius himself, wild Glendower's bard, had a word of praise for London's 'Cheape,' for so the bards of Wales styled thee in their flowing odes. Then, if those who were not English, and hated England, and all connected therewith, had yet much to say in thy praise, when thou wast far inferior to what thou art now, why should true-born Englishmen, or those who call themselves so, turn up their noses at thee, and scoff thee at the present day, as I believe they do? But let others do as they will, I, at least, who am not only an Englishman, but an East Englishman, will not turn up my nose at thee, but will praise and extol thee, calling thee mart of the world—a place of wonder and astonishment!—and, were it right and fitting to wish that anything should endure for ever, I would say, prosperity to Cheapside, throughout all ages—may it be the world's resort for merchandise, world without end.'

And when I had passed through the Cheape I entered another street, which led up a kind of ascent, and which proved to be the street of the Lombards, called so from the name of its founders; and I walked

rapidly up the street of the Lombards, neither looking to the right nor left, for it had no interest for me, though I had a kind of consciousness that mighty things were being transacted behind its walls; but it wanted the throng, bustle, and outward magnificence of the Cheape, and it had never been spoken of by 'ruddy bards!' And, when I had got to the end of the street of the Lombards, I stood still for some time, deliberating within myself whether I should turn to the right or the left, or go straight forward, and at last I turned to the right, down a street of rapid descent, and presently found myself upon a bridge which traversed the river which runs by the big city.

A strange kind of bridge it was—huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semi-circular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and waggons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a standstill. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened me. But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast

ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid wombs. Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharfs, surmounted with gigantic edifices; and, far away, Cæsar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maëlstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me.

GEORGE BORROW.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

OH, FLEET STREET!

Oh! Fleet Street, Fleet Street, what a place it is. . . .

If I could but write the inside history of Fleet Street I should be looked upon as the most wonderful exponent of human life that had ever touched a pen. Balzac—whom everybody talks of and nobody has read, because the discrimination of Paternoster Row has refused him a translation till quite lately—Zola, who professes to be realistic, who is nothing if not realistic, but whose writings are so curiously

crude and merely skim the surface; even the great Hugo, who produced the masterpiece of all fiction, *Les Misérables;* all three of them, the entire host of manuscript-makers, I am sure I could vanquish them all, if I could only write the inside life of Fleet Street.

Not in any grace of style or sweeping march of diction, but pencil-jotted in the roughest words to hand, just as rich and poor, well-dressed ladies and next-door beggars are bundled into a train, so, without choice of language, but hustling the first words anyhow, as it were, into the first compartment. If I could get Alere to tell me all he had seen in Fleet Street, and could just jot it down on the margin of a stained newspaper, all the world would laugh and weep. For such things do go on in Fleet Street as no man has written yet.

If only Victor Hugo were alive and young again! . . .

Something in Fleet Street holds tight those who once come within its influence. The cerebellum of the world, the 'grey matter' of the world's brain, lies somewhere thereabouts. The thoughts of our time issue thence, like the radiating spokes of a wheel, to all places of the earth. There you have touch of the throbbing pulse of the vast multitudes that live and breathe. Their ideas come from Fleet Street.

From the printing-press and the engraver's wood-block, the lithographic stone, the etcher's plate, from book and magazine, periodical and pamphlet, from world-read newspaper.

From Fleet Street, the centre whence ideas flow.

But if once the mind has been dipped in Fleet Street, let the meads be never so sweet, the mountain-top never so exalted, still to Fleet Street the mind will return, because there is that other Mind, without

whose sympathy even success is nothing—the Mind of the world. . . . Once a man gets into Fleet Street he cannot get out.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE CROWDED STREET

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thoughts.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

IN CROWDED STREETS

But often, in the world's most crowded streets
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats

So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,

And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur ; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EMILIA IN ENGLAND

THAT was always one of my dreams as I watched the clouds flying over London. They seemed to be always coming from happy places and going to happy places, never stopping where I was! . . . For an hour the merchant and Emilia drove about the City. He showed her all the great buildings, and dilated on the fabulous piles of wealth they represented, taking evident pleasure in her exclamations of astonishment.

'Yes, yes ; they despise us City fellows. I say, "Come and see:" that's all! Now, look up that court. Do you see three dusty windows on the second floor? That man there could buy up any ten princes in Europe—excepting one or two Austrians or Russians. He wears a coat just like mine. . . .

We don't show our gold linings in the City, my dear.' . . .

Emilia looked out on the cold grey skies of our autumn, the rain and the fogs, and roaring London filled her ears. . . . Emilia daily went out to keep the dying colours of the year in view, and walked to get among the trees, where, with Madame attendant on her, she sat counting the leaves as each one curved, and slid, and spun to earth, or on a gust of air hosts went aloft; but it always ended in their coming down; Emilia verified that fact repeatedly, however high they flew, the ground awaited them. Madame entertained her with talk of Italy, and Tuscan wine, and Lombard bread, and Turin chocolate. . . . The rumble and the rattle of wheels; the cries and grinding noises; the hum of motion and talk; all under the smoky red of a London winter sunset, were not discord to her animated blood. Her unhanted spirit made a music of them. . . .

A street urchin, of the true London species, in whom excess of woollen comforter made up any marked scantiness in the rest of his attire, came trotting the pavement, pouring one of his favourite tunes of his native metropolis through the tube of a penny-whistle, from which it did not issue so disguised but that attentive ears might pronounce it the royal march of the Cannibal Islands. A placarded post beside a lamp met this musician's eye; and, still piping, he bent his knees and read the notification. . . . Emilia watched the boy piping as if he were reading from a score, and her sense of humour was touched. 'You foolish boy!' she said to herself softly. But when, having evidently come to the last printed line, the boy rose and pocketed his penny-

whistle, Emilia was nearly laughing. 'That's because he cannot turn over the leaf,' she said, and stood by the post till long after the boy had disappeared. The slight emotion of fun had restored to her some of her lost human sensations, and she looked about for a place where to indulge them undisturbed. One of the bridges was in sight. She yearned for the solitude of the wharf beside it, and hurried to the steps. To descend she had to pass a street-organ and a small figure bent over it. 'Sei buon' Italiano ?' she said. The answer was a surly 'Si.' Emilia cried convulsively 'Addio !'

GEORGE MEREDITH.

NEW BUILDINGS

Jam pauca aratro jugera regia.

Saint George's Fields are fields no more,
The trowel supersedes the plough ;
Huge inundated swamps of yore,
Are changed to civic villas now.

The builder's plank, the mason's hod,
Wide, and more wide extending still,
Usurp the violated sod,
From *Lambeth Marsh* to *Balaam Hill.*

Pert poplars, yew-trees, water-tubs,
No more at *Clapham* meet the eye,
But velvet lawns, Acacian shrubs,
With perfume greet the passer-by.

Thy carpets, Persia, deck our floors,
Chintz curtains shade the polish'd pane,
Verandas guard the darken'd doors,
Where dunning Phœbus knocks in vain.

Not thus acquir'd was GRESHAM's hoard,
Who founded LONDON's mart of trade;
Not such thy life, GRIMALKIN's lord,
Who *Bow's* recalling peal obey'd.

In *Mark* or *Mincing Lane* confin'd,
In cheerful toil they pass'd the hours;
'Twas theirs to leave their wealth behind,
To lavish, while we live, is ours.

They gave no treats to thankless kings;
Many their gains, their wants were few;
They built no house with spacious wings,
To give their riches pinions too.

Yet sometimes leaving in the lurch
Sons, to luxurious folly prone,
Their funds rebuilt the parish church—
Oh! pious waste, to us unknown.

We from our circle never roam,
Nor ape our sires' eccentric sins;
Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins.

HORACE and JAMES SMITH, 1813.

MISS KILMANSEGG IN LONDON

THE horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
Was a very rich bay, call'd Banker—
A horse of a breed and mettle so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
  Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the Heiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In green, half smothered with gold, and a hat
  With more gold lace than beaver.

. . . . .

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,—
  But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,—
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
  Or only the skirt of her habit ?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
  When Hymen himself is the starter,
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
  Although it's catching a Tartar.

. . . . .

Away she gallops,—it's awful work !
It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
  On Bess that notable clipper !
She has circled the Ring !—she crosses the Park !
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
  Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her !

The fields seemed running away with the folks !
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks

At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!
All, all is racing! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the 'arrowy Rhine,'
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are off like the first-class carriages!

She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shriekings forewarn her;
And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life's not worth a copper!
Willy-nilly,
In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,
A hundred voices cry, 'Stop her!'
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, 'How very improper!'

On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she's doomed, she feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,

As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
With the magical Golden Water!

. . . . .

On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover Street, Bond Street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
There's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them!

. . . . .

'She breathes!'
'She don't!'
'She'll recover!'
'She won't!'
'She's stirring! she's living, by Nemesis!'
Gold! still gold! on counter and shelf!
Golden dishes as plenty as delf;
Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises!

TOM HOOD.

THE LONDON FLOWER-SELLER

A ROSE, a rose for a penny!
And pansies twopence a bunch!—
There's the baker with loaves baked freshly,
And oh for a crust to munch!

All day I've sat by the station,
But nobody wants my flowers ;
The wet streets steam and the sun bursts
Between the thunder-showers.

Carnations, pink and crimson,
Fresh gathered, sweet and strong !—
But over the shining pavement
The passengers hurry along.

Sweet peas !—By a cottage window
They grew ; I've seen such grow,
Rosy-white, like the face of the darling
I lost in the time of snow.

My child, my sinless blossom,
My pride, though the mark of scorn !
O God ! I was such a baby
Myself when the babe was born !

The mignonette's drooping sadly ;
Will it sell ? it is fragrant still ;
Lame Milly once had some blowing
Upon her window-sill.

White jasmine !—like that lady,
So dainty, and clean, and sweet,
From the curls on her tranquil forehead
To the tips of her delicate feet.

Oh to be once as she is,
With never a soil or stain !
Men bowing or speaking her gently
As she passes on to her train.

Not half so pretty as I was,
Not rich, for she walks to-day ;
But out of the filth and riot,
And pure as the jasmine spray.

Did *her* father drink, I wonder ?
Was *she* nursed in sins and shames ?
Did they beat her, starve her, kick her,
And call her filthy names ?

Sweet-williams !—Tossed me for nothing
By a lad at a fruiterer's stall ;
Brown-bearded, fresh and wholesome,
Ruddy and strong and tall,

Like fresh-faced Will from the country,
Who spoke of field and plough,
And promised me marriage and left me ;
Who loves him, I wonder, now ?

The sky's all black ; in the distance
The angry thunder rolls ;
There's a blinding flash, with a deluge
The rain sweeps the hurrying shoals.

It sweeps up under my shelter,
I'm wet again to the skin,
And just one bunch of pansies
Would buy me a drop of gin.

A rose, a rose for a penny !
White lilies a penny apiece !—
The clouds from the sun are breaking,
The showers soon will cease.

A pigeon, with wings all shining,
Flits by in the sudden gold,
As if in a molten rainbow
His beautiful plumes were rolled.

Ah ! my dream of the angel singing,
His eyes one flame of love,
' Though thou liest among the potsherds,
Thou shalt be as the wings of a dove.'

Roses, sweet-williams, pansies,
  Jasmine and lilies fair,
Mignonette, sweet peas, carnations,
  Drooping in sultry air!

MAXWELL GRAY.

THE LONDON BEGGAR

No one properly contemns a Beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its 'neighbour grice.' Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison, He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the

Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for anyone. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer ; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementoes, dial-mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

'. . . Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.'

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's-Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light,

with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet,—whither are they fled ? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth ? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt halfpenny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger ? Where hang their useless staves ? and who will farm their dogs ?—Have the overseers of St. L—— caused them to be shot ? or were they tied up in sacks and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild rector of —— ?

CHARLES LAMB.

PUCK AND THE WOOD-ELF IN LONDON

One evening towards the close of the season a misfortune chanced to me. I was lost. . . .

I was sorely grieved and frightened, of course, and ran, and ran, and ran, wildly hither and thither ; not knowing any better, and getting under the feet of the horses, and losing all my senses in the din and press.

It was quite late also, and night, although a midsummer night, was coming on apace. I could have found my right road if left to myself ; but you always put as many obstacles in the way of a dog's return to his home as in the way of a man's or a woman's return to honesty and virtue.

Boys hooted at me ; cabmen swore at me ; girls chased me ; and cats spit at me ; and terrified, blinded, and deafened with the noise and the pursuit, I had no other thought than to rush away and away at

my topmost speed, eluding every grasp, until at length, fairly exhausted, I was caught by the gentle hand of a girl. It stopped me, and stroked me tenderly, so that my terrors were stilled.

'Poor little thing,' she said in a very soft voice that had in it the sound of extreme youth, almost of childhood. 'Poor little thing. Stay with me.'

It was so dark in the little narrow street into which I had unconsciously darted, that I could not see her features; but her touch and her tone reassured me, and I let her lift me in her arms and caress me.

'We are both stray,' she murmured. 'You seem like a little friend.'

Then I felt her tears fall on my forehead, and by dusky moonlight I saw that she bore in her other arm a sheaf of sweet country flowers—bluebells and moss-roses, and other tender homely blossoms that crown the cottage-walls and meadow-hedges with their beauty.

I suppose she strove to sell them, for standing there she offered them timidly to some passers-by; a few of these thrust them roughly aside; most hurried on without reply; none took them. I wondered how they could refuse that touching mute appeal.

Finding all efforts useless, she turned, with a heavy tired sigh, and went up the little street into another more narrow and poorer still, and opening the little door of one of its desolate houses, entered and passed up its stairway, dark and steep, and smelling foully, to a very small, bare, comfortless garret. She put me down upon the floor, and struck a match alight. By the gleam of the little lamp she trimmed, I saw for the first time the face of this flower-girl.

It was excessively lovely—very pale, very sad, but of infinite beauty. It looked wan, as though for want of nourishment ; the bow-like mouth had little colour ; and the large eyes, of that grey which burns dark as night, had heavy circles under them. Her weighty yellow hair was coiled simply about her head, and her black dress was russet-hued from age and well-nigh threadbare. She was very poor, it was easy to see, and by the thinness of her transparent cheeks it seemed as though she had not tasted good food for many a day ; but she was very young, sixteen years at most, and was lovely despite all the cruel antagonism of poverty and sorrow.

Who could she be ? All alone, thus, in the heart of London.

OUIDA.

SCENES IN LONDON

I. Oxford Street

Life in its many shapes was there,
The busy and the gay ;
Faces that seemed too young and fair
To ever know decay.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp, and pride,
Led forth its glittering train ;
And poverty's pale face beside
Ask'd aid, and ask'd in vain.

The shops were fill'd from many lands—
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers ;
The patient work of many hands,
The hope of many hours.

II. Piccadilly

The sun is on the crowded street,
It kindles those old towers ;
Where England's noblest memories meet,
Of old historic hours.

Vast, shadowy, dark, and indistinct,
Tradition's giant fane,
Whereto a thousand years are link'd
In one electric chain.

So stands it when the morning light
First steals upon the skies ;
And shadow'd by the fallen night,
The sleeping city lies.

It stands with darkness round it cast,
Touch'd by the first cold shine ;
Vast, vague, and mighty as the past
Of which it is the shrine.

'Tis lovely when the moonlight falls
Around the sculptured stone,
Giving a softness to the walls,
Like love that mourns the gone.

Then comes the gentlest influence
The human heart can know,
The mourning over those gone hence
To the still dust below.

The smoke, the noise, the dust of day,
Have vanish'd from the scene ;
The pale lamps gleam with spirit ray
O'er the park's sweeping green.

The past is round us—those old spires
That glimmer o'er our head;
Not from the present is their fires,
Their light is from the dead.

But for the past, the present's powers
Were waste of toil and mind;
But for those long and glorious hours
Which leave themselves behind.

III. London Streets

How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng,
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along.

How strongly is the present felt,
With such a scene beside;
All sounds in one vast murmur melt
The thunder of the tide.

All hurry on—none pause to look
Upon another's face:
The present is an open book
None read, yet all must trace.

The poor man hurries on his race,
His daily bread to find;
The rich man has yet wearier chase,
For pleasure's hard to bind.

All hurry, though it is to pass
For which they live so fast—
What doth the present but amass
The wealth that makes the past?

IV. The Middle Temple Gardens

The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
Like a melody bringing sweet fancies to mind;
Some to grieve, some to gladden: around them they cast
The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.

Away in the distance is heard the vast sound,
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of mountains, or ocean's deep call;
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all.

The turf and the terrace slope down to the tide
Of the Thames, that sweeps onwards—a world at its side:
And dark the horizon, with mast and with sail
Of the thousand tall ships that have weather'd the gale:
While beyond the arch'd bridge the old abbey appears,
Where England has garner'd the glories of years.
There the royal, the lovely, the gifted, the brave,
Haunt the heart with a poetry born of the grave.

Still and lone 'mid the tumult these gardens extend,
The elm and the lime over flower-beds bend;
And the sunshine rains in as the light leaves are stirr'd,
When away from the nest he has built springs the bird.

The boat, and the barge, and the wave, have grown red;
And the sunset has crimson'd the boughs overhead;
But the lamps are now shining, the colours are gone,
And the garden lies shadowy, silent and lone.

L. E. L.

EVENING IN TEMPLE GARDENS

I KNOW not that I have ever been more struck than with the beauty of the Middle Temple Gardens, as seen on a still summer evening. There is about it such a singular mixture of action and repose. The trees cast an undisturbed shadow on the turf; the barges rest tranquilly on the dark river; only now and then the dim outline of a scarcely seen sail flits by; the very lamps in the distance seem as if shining in their sleep. But the presence of life is around. Lights appear in most of the windows; and there comes upon the air the unceasing murmur of the city around. Nothing is distinct, all varieties of noise blending into one deep sound. But the little fountain is heard amid it all; the ear does not lose a note of its low sweet music: it is the poetry of the place, or, rather, the voice of the poetry with which it is filled.

L. E. L.

LONDON'S LAMPS

As to these lights of London lamps, their beauty, which is so great, seems to depend almost entirely upon the sky. See them as they glow in the long unequal curves that follow the subtly misleading directions of the streets of London, and in all their brilliancy they make but a common show—pretty enough, but not beautiful. But let any lamp or line of lamps come into visible relation with the sky—any sky, whether a mysterious night-sky softly embrowned, or a night-sky swept pure by a west wind, or the most ordinary grey of any average evening—and the lamp has indescribable beauties. I have seen a grey-blue sky at the earliest

OLD BROMPTON ROAD

moment when streets were alight at all, and radiant against the light grey of its invisible and equal clouds an electric lamp has been reared: an electric lamp of cold white light, pure and keen, and armed with intense and splendid arrows that would pierce day itself. Light grey sky and thrilling lamp together make—or so it seems to me—one of the most beautiful sights that eyes can see—the most refined, most severe, and most exquisite. This carbon electric light was so much disliked because, no doubt, it was first seen under the glass and iron of a railway station. Seen with the sky it cannot but be seen to be most beautiful. The golden lights—electric lamps or gas lamps—have the beauty of fire, but the white lamp has the beauty of light. The golden, too, however, cannot be seen at their best but in one picture with the sky.

London at night has begun, of late, so to multiply her lights that they make all her scenery. A search-light suddenly draws the eye up to the chimney-pots (sweetly touched, they too, on the westermost of their squalid sides) and to the unbroken sky; and then at once the eye travels down its shaft, revealing clouded air; and here a puff of steam from some machine at work on a new underground railway takes colour on its curves. Or the search-light makes the programme of a music-hall to shine black and white upon the wall; anon, an advertisement is written in light, and perpetually among the even progress of the carriage lights flit the lamps of bicycles. And if, from a heart of glowing lights, you look into the streets, you find them so filled with blue air that there is evident blue between you and the houses opposite.

The street-corner tree has always the golden lamplight and the blue air ; upon it rains a sky that is not seen to darken for rain, and you hear the drops, silent elsewhere, upon its open leaves.

ALICE MEYNELL.

A SLEEPING CITY

THE silence of a sleeping city fills
The hungering soul more than the jar and feud
And noonday noises of the multitude.
It hath a mystic kinship with the hills,
With torrents thundering in lonely ghylls,
With shoreless seas, and awful solitude
Of deserts, where are giant statues hewed
By hands unknown for old despotic wills.
Man's soul is vaster than man's senses. Lo,
Where eye and ear find nothing, avenues
More secret open ; and by ways untrod
The stealing thoughts come, silent as they flow
Of inland tides, and tranquilly infuse
Our muddy shallows with fresh streams from God.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT

IT was the attic floor of the highest house. . . . It rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts :* the sitting-room itself commanded three ; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (bedroom) at the opposite end ; to say nothing of the kitchen, which offered two, as it were, *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So

that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there. . . .

A thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin:* From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Apparitions; what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more.

'*Ach, mein Lieber!*' said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over

the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has laid down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged

on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein?*—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars.'

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

MIDNIGHT IN THE CITY

UNFATHOMABLE Night! how dost thou sweep
Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
The mighty city under thy full tide;
Making a silent palace for old Sleep,
Like his own temple under the hush'd deep,
Where all the busy day he doth abide,
And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide

His dusky wings, whence the cold waters sweep!
How peacefully the living millions lie!
Lull'd unto death beneath his poppy spells;
There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music-call—
Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time—survivor of them all!

TOM HOOD.

LONDON COMPARED

HAVING hitherto rambled up and down the streets of London, and pryed into every corner thereof . . . we will now, for the better illustration of things, and further enlightening of the reader, make a comparison or parallel 'twixt her and other great cities of the world, which are accounted cities of the *first magnitude;* for as the starres in heaven are distinguished by degrees of magnitude, so are cities on the earth. . . .

We come now to *Italy*, and first to *Rome*, which though in circuit she be yet about as big as *London;* yet in point of people, she may be called a wilderness, in comparison of her: she is also far inferior for traffique and wealth. . . .

The next city of the first magnitude in *Italy* is *Milan*, which of all other towns may be said to have this singularity, to have no suburbs; 'tis true, she may pretend much for her *Dome*, her *Cittadel*, and hospital, with number of excellent artisans; yet who is well acquainted with both places will find that *London* is not so much inferior to her. . . .

Touching the City of *Venice*, 'tis true, she hath many things to glory of, as her wonderful situation.

. . . Yet if one go to multitude of inhabitants, to the magnitude of both cities, to number of corporations, with other particulars pointed at before, *Venice* will not disdain to vail to *London;* but touching the last thing she glorieth of, London may claim as much interest in the *Sea* as she, if regard be had to maritime dominion and naval power. And lastly, while *Venice* is steeping and pickling in salt-water, *London* sports herself upon the banks of a fresh stately river, which brings into her bosom all the spices of the *East*, the treasures of the *West*, the gems of the *South*, and the rich furs of the *North*.

Naples, 'tis confessed, is a populous great mercantile town, and hath three castles, with handsome buildings, and store of nobility; but besides magnitude of places and multitude of people, with other advantages which *London* hath of her, the sun, whilst he doth as it were broyl the *Neapolitan*, doth with the gentle reverberations of his rayes, but gild the walls of *London*. . . .

Touching *Florence*, there is beauty enough to be seen there, but she may partly thank *London*, that she is so fair, by the trade she bears to *Ligorn*, of late years.

Touching the rest of the cities of *Italy*, though they be ranked among those of the first magnitude, yet they bear no proportion with *London*.

Touching *Sicily*, there is *Palermo*, the residence of the Viceroy, a jolly neat city, which may glory of one thing, that neither *London*, nor any other city in Christendom hath the like, which is a fair spacious uniform street, of above a mile long; next to which is *Edenburgh* in *Scotland*, extending itself in a direct line, from the royal palace to the Castle. . . .

We will now hoyst up sayl for *France*, which also hath divers cities of the first magnitude, as *Rouen* in *Normandy*, *Bourdeaux* in *Gascogny*, *Tholouse* in *Languedock*, with the other five courts of Parliament; as also *Amiens* in *Picardy*, and the City of *Lions*, and *Marseilles:* and one whereof subsists by her Bank; the other, by being the chief arsenal of the *French* gallies; but none of these will offer, I think, to compare with the city of *London*, nor any of those towns that stand upon the Loire, whereof there are many gentile ones.

Paris, I confess, may be capable of some comparisons with London, for which she hath many helps, as being a *Cité*, *Ville*, and Université; as also the chief residence of the *French* Kings.

But let's go a little to particulars. And first, to the populousness of both cities; they say in *Paris*, that the parishes of *Saint Eustace*, and *Saint Innocent*, have above one hundred thousand communicants in them alone: and that by the last cense that was made, there was near upon a million of human souls, found in the city and suburbs of *Paris*. It may be so but we shall find that *London* hath more. . . .

Having thus rambled up and down the world, and cast some few glances upon the most renowned cities . . . London may well compare with any of the greatest cities in *Europe*.

JAMES HOWELL, 1657.

THE EAST END

'This once was meadow-land. . . . The blame?
Man, like a fallen angel, came;
Where his foot pressed it seared and slew,
And this grey fungus rose in shame.'

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

EAST LONDON

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited;

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
'Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?'
'Bravely!' said he; 'for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread.*'

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FORGOTTEN EAST LONDON

East London is less known to Englishmen than if it were situated in the wildest part of Colorado, or among the pine forests of British Columbia. . . . Two millions of people, or thereabouts, live in the East End of London. That seems a good-sized population for an utterly unknown town. They have no institutions of their own to speak of, no public buildings of any importance, no municipality, no gentry, no carriages, no soldiers, no picture-galleries, no theatres, no opera—they have nothing. It is

the fashion to believe that they are all paupers, which is a foolish and mischievous belief. . . . Probably there is no such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, neglected, forgotten great city of East London. It is even neglected by its own citizens, who have never yet perceived their abandoned condition. They are Londoners, it is true, but they have no part or share of London; its wealth, its splendours, its honours exist not for them. They see nothing of any splendours; even the Lord Mayor's show goeth westward: the City lies between them, and the greatness of England. They are beyond the wards, and cannot become aldermen; the rich London merchants go north and south and west; but they go not east. Nobody goes east, no one wants to see the place; no one is curious about the way of life in the east. Books on London pass it over; it has little or no history; great men are not buried in its churchyards, which are not even ancient, and crowded by citizens as obscure as those who now breathe the upper airs about them. If anything happens in the east, people at the other end have to stop and think before they can remember where the place may be.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

THE CHILDREN OF THE EAST END

THEY look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary,
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak;

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek :
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.'

. . . .

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have :
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do ;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through ! . . .

' For oh,' say the children, ' we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap ;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.'

. . . . .

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach ?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you !
They are weary ere they run ;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.

They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;
  They sink in man's despair, without its calm ;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
  Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm :
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
    The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
    Let them weep ! Let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
    And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
    With eyes turned on Deity.
' How long,' they say, ' how long, O cruel nation,
  Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
  And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
    And your purple shows your path !
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
    Than the strong man in his wrath.'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHITECHAPEL

Of all the roads which lead into London or out of it, this of Whitechapel is the broadest and the noblest by nature. Man, it is true, has done little to embellish it. There are no avenues of green and spreading lime and plane trees, as, one day, there shall be : there are no stately buildings, towers, spires, miracles of architecture ; but only houses and shops which,

WHITECHAPEL

whether small or big, are all alike mean, unlovely, and depressing. Yet, in spite of all, a noble road.

This road, which is the promenade, breathing-place, place of resort, place of gossip, place of amusement, and place of business for the greater part of East London, stretches all the way from Aldgate to Stratford, being called first the Whitechapel Road, and then the Mile End Road; then the Bow Road, and then the Stratford Road. Under the first name the road has acquired a reputation of the class called, by moralists, unenviable. The history of police-court records, under the general heading of Whitechapel Road, so many free fights, brave robberies, gallant murders, dauntless kickings, cudgellings, pommellings, pocket-pickings, shop-liftings, watch-snatchings, and assaults on constables, with such a brave display of disorderly drunks, that the road has come to be regarded with admiration as one of those Alsatian retreats, growing every day rarer, which are beyond and above the law. It is thought to be a place where manhood and personal bravery reign supreme. Yet the road is not worthy of this reputation: it has of late years become orderly; its present condition is dull and law-abiding, brilliant as the past has been, and whatever greatness may be in store for the future. . . . There is not much in the Bow Road when the stranger gets there, in his journey along this great thoroughfare, for him to visit, except its almshouses, which are many; and the beautiful old church of Bow, standing in the middle of the road, crumbling slowly away in the East End fog, with its narrow strip of crowded churchyard. One hopes that before it has quite crumbled away some one will go and make a picture

of it—an etching would be best. At Stratford the road divides, so that you may turn to the right and get to Barking, or to the left and get to Epping Forest. And all the way, for four miles, a broad and noble road, which must have been carved originally out of No Man's Land, in so generous a spirit is it laid out.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

IN THE EAST END

In the East End there are no strollers. All day long the place is full of passengers hasting to and fro, pushing each other aside, with set and anxious faces, each driven by the invisible scourge of necessity which makes slaves of all mankind. Do you know that famous picture of the Israelites in Egypt? Upon the great block of stone, which the poor wretches are painfully dragging, while the cruel lash goads the weak and terrifies the strong, there sits one in authority. He regards the herd of slaves with eyes terrible from their stony gaze. What is it to him whether the feeble suffer and perish, so that the Pharaoh's will be done? The people of the East reminded Angela, who was an onlooker and had no work to do, of these builders of pyramids: they worked under a taskmaster as relentless as that stony-hearted captain or foreman of works. If the Israelites desisted, they were flogged back to work with cats of many tails: if our workmen desist, they are flogged back by starvation. . . .

All day long and all the year round there is a constant Fair going on in Whitechapel Road. It is held upon the broad pavement, which was benevolently intended, no doubt, for this purpose. Here

are displayed all kinds of things ; bits of second-hand furniture, such as the head of a wooden bed, whose griminess is perhaps exaggerated, in order that a purchaser may expect something extraordinarily cheap. Here are lids of pots and saucepans laid out, to show that in the warehouse, of which these things are specimens, will be found the principal parts of the utensils for sale ; here are unexpected things, such as rows of skates, sold cheap in summer ; light clothing in winter ; workmen's tools of every kind, including, perhaps, the burglarious jemmy ; second-hand books—a miscellaneous collection, establishing the fact that the readers of books in Whitechapel—a feeble and scanty folk—read nothing at all except sermons and meditations among the tombs ; second-hand boots and shoes ; cutlery ; hats and caps ; rat-traps and mouse-traps and birdcages ; flowers and seeds ; skittles ; and frames for photographs. Cheap-jacks have their carts beside the pavement ; and with strident voice proclaim the goodness of their wares, which include in this district bloaters and dried haddocks, as well as crockery. And one is amazed, seeing how the open-air Fair goes on, why the shops are kept open at all.

And always the same. It saddens one, I know not why, to sit beside a river and see the water flowing down with never a pause. It saddens one still more to watch the current of human life in this great thoroughfare and feel that, as it is now, so it was a generation ago, and so it will be a generation hence. The bees in the hive die, and are replaced by others exactly like them, and the honey-making goes on merrily still. So, in a great street, the waggons always go up and down ; the passengers never cease ;

the shop-boy is always behind the counter ; the work-girl is always sewing ; the workman is always carrying his tools as he goes to work ; there are always those who stay for half a pint, and always those who hurry on. In this endless drama, which repeats itself like a musical box, the *jeune premier* of to-day becomes to-morrow the lean and slippered pantaloon. The day after to-morrow he will have disappeared, gone to join the silent ones in the grim, unlovely cemetery belonging to the Tower Hamlets, which lies beyond Stepney, and is the reason why on Sundays the 'frequent funeral blackens all the road.'

SIR WALTER BESANT.

SUNDAY AT THE EAST END

SUNDAY morning in and about the Whitechapel and Mile End Roads [is] a time of peculiar interest. The closing of the shops adds to the dignity of the broad thoroughfares, because it hides so many disagreeable and even humiliating things. But it by no means puts a stop to traffic, which is conducted with an ostentatious disregard of the Fourth Commandment or Christian custom. At one end, the City end, is Houndsditch, crowded with men who come to buy and sell ; and while the bells of St. Botolph call upon the faithful with a clanging and clashing which ring like a cry of despair, the footpath is filled with the busy loungers, who have long since ceased to regard the invitation as having anything at all to do with them.

Strange and wonderful result of the gathering of men in great cities ! It is not a French, or an English, or a German, or an American result—it is universal. In every great city of the world, below a certain level,

there is no religion—men have grown dead to their higher instincts; they no longer feel the possibilities of humanity; faith brings to them no more the evidence of things unseen. They are crowded together, so that they have ceased to feel their individuality. The crowd is eternal—they are part of that eternity; if one drops out, he is not missed; nobody considers that it will be his own turn some day so to drop out. Life is nothing for ever and ever, but work in the week with as much beer and tobacco as the money will run to, and loafing on Sundays with more beer and tobacco. This, my friends, is a truly astonishing thing, and a thing unknown until this century. Perhaps, however, in ancient Rome the people had ceased to believe in their gods; perhaps in Babylon the sacred bricks were kicked about by the unthinking mob; perhaps in every great city the same loss of individual manhood may be found.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

VENICE IN THE EAST END

Fleet upon fleet; argosy upon argosy. Masts to the right, masts to the left, masts in front, masts yonder above the warehouses; masts in among the streets as steeples appear amid roofs; masts across the river hung with drooping half-furled sails; masts afar down thin and attenuated, mere dark straight lines in the distance. They await in stillness the rising of the tide.

It comes, and at the exact moment—foreknown to a second—the gates are opened, and the world of ships moves outwards to the stream. Downwards they drift to the east, some slowly that have as yet

but barely felt the pull of the hawser, others swiftly, and the swifter because their masts cross and pass the masts of inward-bound ships ascending. Two lines of masts, one raking one way, the other the other, cross and puzzle the eye to separate their weaving motion and to assign the rigging to the right vessel. White funnels aslant, dark funnels, red funnels rush between them; white steam curls upwards; there is a hum, a haste, almost a whirl, for the commerce of the world is crowded into the hour of the full tide. These great hulls, these crossing masts a-rake, the intertangled rigging, the background of black barges drifting downwards, the lines and ripple of the water as the sun comes out, if you look too steadily, daze the eyes and cause a sense of giddiness. It is so difficult to realize so much mass—so much bulk—moving so swiftly, and in so intertangled a manner; a mighty dance of thousands of tons—gliding, slipping, drifting onwards, yet without apparent effort. Thousands upon thousands of tons go by like shadows, silently, as if the ponderous hulls had no stability or weight; like a dream they float past, solid and yet without reality. It is a giddiness to watch them.

This happens, not on one day only, not one tide, but at every tide and every day the year through, year after year. The bright summer sun glows upon it; the red sun of the frosty hours of winter looks at it from under the deepening canopy of vapour; the blasts of the autumnal equinox howl over the vast city and whistle shrilly in the rigging; still at every tide the world of ships moves out into the river. Why does not a painter come here and place the real romance of these things upon canvas. . . . If Italian

painters had had such things as these to paint, if poets of old time had had such things as these to sing, do you imagine they would have been contented with crank caravels and tales thrice told already? They had eyes to see that which was around them. Open your eyes and see those things which are around us at this hour.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

SUNSET IN THE EAST END

It was sunset. . . . The phenomena coincident with the close of the day are just as brilliantly coloured and lavishly displayed for the squalid East as for the luxurious West. Perhaps, indeed, there are not many places in London where sunset does produce such good effects as at Stepney Green. . . . The reason why the sunsets are more splendid and the sunrises brighter at Stepney than at the opposite end of London, is, that the sun sets behind the great bank of cloud which for ever lies over London town. This lends his departure to the happy dwellers of the East strange and wonderful effects. Now, when he rises, it is naturally in the East, where there is no cloud of smoke to hide the brightness of his face.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

MUSIC IN THE EAST END

When the uniformed bandsmen stand in a circle and the band is playing, it seems as if some magic in the music drew all the youth and hope and happiness of its slummy surroundings out to it, and all the age and weariness and poverty, and the sadness of them too. You shall see them come—ragged and unkempt children; bent and feeble old women and men;

artisans and labourers in soiled and patched working clothes, who gossip genially in twos and threes, or loiter moodily alone ; pinched, sharp-featured women carrying babies ; scraggy or buxom dames, bonnetless and aproned, some of them with sleeves rolled up to their elbows as if they were newly from the wash-tub—all sorts and conditions of cheery and sorry men, women, and children, they come and sit on the benches, or stroll over the asphalt till the garden ground is thronged ; they cluster outside, leaning against the railings, till every inch of leaning space is occupied, and there is a surplus standing singly or in knots about the pavement and by the lamp-post at the corner, listening and talking, with the children dodging in and out amidst them, playing and quarrelling by turns, so that sometimes their crying and sometimes their laughing shrills above the music, which is altogether drowned in the roll and rumble of 'buses and trams and carts, if you stray a dozen yards beyond the gate. There are cheerful and contented looks in the crowd, and looks of sturdy independence ; but there are bleak and troubled faces there too, hungry faces that are worn with suffering and have a shadow of death in them ; and these chill you with wintry imaginings and haunt you after you have come away, as if they had been some wailing undertone of the music, or as if they had been phantasmal nightmare unrealities, conjured up by the music out of old graves of forgotten misery, piteous ghosts that, when the lamps were kindling in the streets and the last tune fluttered into silence, had faded into the dusk, to be seen no more until the music called them back again.

A. St. John Adcock.

THE WEST END

'. . . Bond Street enter,
Dear Street, of London's charms the centre,
Dear Street! which at a certain hour
Man's follies bud forth into flower!'

LORD LYTTON.

WEST LONDON

Crouch'd on the pavement close by Belgrave Square
A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied ;
A babe was in her arms, and at her side
A girl ; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.

Some labouring men, whose work lay somewhere there,
Pass'd opposite ; she touch'd her girl, who hied
Across, and begg'd, and came back satisfied.
The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.

Thought I : Above her state this spirit towers ;
She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
Of sharers in a common human fate.

She turns from that cold succour, which attends
The unknown little from the unknowing great,
And points us to a better time than ours.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LONDON, W.

Deep delight in volume, sound, and mass,
Shadow, colour, movement, multitudes,
Murmurs, cries, the traffic's rolling bass—
Subtle city of a thousand moods !

Distance, rumour, mystery, things that count,
Bravely in the memory scored and limned !
Sunset, welling like a crimson fount
Underneath the Marble Arch, o'erbrimm'd.

All the smoky west. In Oxford Street
Lamps, like jewels fallen by the way
While the sun upon his urban beat
Bore the lofty burden of the day,

Magnified their offices and grew
Vital and a rosary of light,
Wreathing life that gathered heart anew,
Hungry for the pleasure of the night.

Trees of winter's nakedness aware
Gleamed and disappeared like things afraid,
Dryads of the terrace and the square,
Silvery in the shadow and the shade.

Swarthy-purple creepers draped the high
Houses ; leaves in elm-tree tops astir
Blurred like flakes of soot the darkling sky,
Lit with the faded light of lavender.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

BOND STREET'S MATUTINAL CHARM

THOSE who know Bond Street only in the blaze of fashionable hours can form but an imperfect conception of its matutinal charm, when it is still shady and fresh, when there are no carriages, rarely a cart, and passers-by gliding about on real business. One feels as in some continental city. Then there is time and opportunity to look at the shops ; and there is no street in the world that can furnish such a collection, filled with so many objects of beauty, curiosity, and interest. The jewellers and goldsmiths and dealers in rare furniture ; porcelain, and cabinets, and French pictures ; have long fixed upon

Bond Street as their favourite quarter, and are not chary of displaying their treasures; though it may be a question whether some of the magazines of fancy food, delicacies from all the climes and regions of the globe, particularly at the matin hour, may not, in their picturesque variety, be the most attractive. The palm, perhaps, would be given to the fishmongers, with their exuberant exhibitions, grouped with skill, startling often with strange forms, dazzling with prismatic tints, and breathing the invigorating redolence of the sea.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

A WEST-END IMPRESSION

No. 5 John Street is a four-storied hovel in the very heart of a slum which lies between two of the finest thoroughfares of the West End. . . .

Never, never, never is this house at rest. It groans like a labouring ship. In your stillest berth, on the stillest ocean, you may hear your craft ever creaking its protest against the hindrance of wind or wave. So here, you have always some sound, by day or by night—an oath, a laugh, a child's cry, a door at odds with its hinges, which, rightly interpreted, means 'Let us have peace.' Once, in the dead of night, I wagered a beggar's dole to nothing that my house could not possibly keep quiet for fifteen minutes at a stretch. Just as the church clock struck the quarter, somebody fell upstairs, and the beggar won.

In the daytime the caller-up begins his rounds with the dawn, and you may mark his progress from

floor to floor by a muffled thunder of rapping, and the answering shock of heavy bodies rolling out of bed. Then the staircase wakes, as the labourers, in their hobnails, hurry off to work. At breakfast-time, dishevelled mothers bawl supplementary orders from their landings to children on their way to the chandler's shop. Now it is the trade noises—the mangle ever at odds with the principle of the equilibrium of forces; the tap, the thud, the click of other minor industries; the cries of captive animals in the yard, or of the wizened babies in the farm—live-stock both, and both commodities of trade.

Then come the social noises—the chatter of the slatternly gossips from their windows; the resumption of last night's quarrels, or last night's reconciliations, equal parts of the happy day; the preparation for the midday meal, this a noise, like the rest, as plates, dishes, knives, are lent, or borrowed, from floor to floor. There is more noise than ever when the children troop in from school to dinner, with fathers, brothers, and sisters, who work hard by. Their play in the yard carries on this perpetual motion of tumult for an hour more.

These are mostly the lucky children who are in natural ownership and kindly tending. The unlucky minority are not all in the baby farm. Some are locked in all day, 'to keep 'em quiet,' while their owners go forth to work or to booze. The infant faces lined with their own dirt, and distorted by the smeared impurities of the window panes, seem like the faces of actors made up for effects of old age. The poor little hands finger the panes without ceasing, as they might finger prison bars. The cap-

tives crawl over one another like caged insects, and all their gestures show the irritation of contact. But the clearest transmission through that foul medium is to the ear rather than to the eye, in the querulous whimper, at times rising to a wail, which betokens the agitation of their shattered nerves. The children playing below look up at them, and beckon them into the yard, or make faces at them, with the charitable intent of provoking them to a smile.

. . . . .

It is Sabbath morn at No. 5 John Street. The bells proclaim it, one from a neighbouring chapel, as it might proclaim an execution, others from a Church settlement, in music. But we want no proclamation; the house is aware. Rest, if not devotion, is written all over it, back and front. Our great hive is, at least, two hours late in stirring; and even then we remain but half dressed for, at least, two hours more. The first stage for public appearance is shirt-sleeves, for one-half of the community, and skirts without 'body' for the other. Men sit at the windows; the smoke of the morning pipe curls in the air. Ingenious children contrive to play in the yard. Washing in these quarters is classed among the duties—put it off. Birds sing from the greenhouse; and such breeze as finds its way to us stirs the leaves of the tree that pierces the glass roof of their prison. This poor sylvan survival, a mere Cockney now, is a relic of some primeval shrubbery that once marked our status as a mansion. For all its shortcomings, the scene is peace.

RICHARD WHITEING.

IN MAY FAIR

In that part of the celebrated parish of St. George, which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly and on the other by Curzon Street, is a district of a peculiar character. 'Tis a cluster of small streets of little houses, frequently intersected by mews, which here are numerous, and sometimes gradually, rather than abruptly, terminating in a ramification of those mysterious regions. Sometimes a group of courts develops itself, and you may even chance to find your way into a small market-place. Those, however, who are accustomed to connect these hidden residences of the humble with scenes of misery and characters of violence, need not apprehend in this district any appeal to their sympathies, or any shock to their tastes. All is extremely genteel; and there is almost as much repose as in the golden saloons of the contiguous palaces. At any rate, if there be as much vice, there is as little crime.

No sight or sound can be seen or heard at any hour which could pain the most precise or the most fastidious. Even if a chance oath may float on the air from the stableyard to the lodging of a French cook, 'tis of the newest fashion, and, if responded to with less of novel charm, the repartee is at least conveyed in the language of the most polite of nations. They bet upon the Derby in these parts a little, are interested in Goodwood, which they frequent, have perhaps, in general, a weakness for play, live highly, and indulge those passions which luxury and refinement encourage; but that is all.

A policeman would as soon think of reconnoitring

these secluded streets as of walking into a house in Park Lane or Berkeley Square, to which, in fact, this population in a great measure belongs. For here reside the wives of house-stewards and of butlers, in tenements furnished by the honest savings of their husbands, and let in lodgings to increase their swelling incomes ; here dwells the retired servant, who now devotes his practised energies to the occasional festival, which, with his accumulations in the three per cents., or in one of the public-houses of the quarter, secures him at the same time an easy living, and the casual enjoyment of that great world which lingers in his memory. Here may be found his grace's coachman, and here his lordship's groom, who keeps a book and bleeds periodically too speculative footmen, by betting odds on his master's horses. But, above all, it is in this district that the cooks have ever sought a favourite and elegant abode. An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passions and suppressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness and of dulness, distinguishes this quarter during the day

When you turn from the vitality and brightness of Piccadilly, the park, the palace, the terraced mansions, the sparkling equipages, the cavaliers cantering up the hill, the swarming multitude, and enter the reigon of which we are speaking, the effect is at first almost unearthly. Not a carriage, not a horseman, scarcely a passenger ; there seems some great and sudden collapse in the metropolitan system, as if a pest had been announced, or an enemy were expected in alarm by a vanquished capital. The approach from Curzon Street has not this effect. Hyde Park has still about it something of Arcadia. There are

woods and waters, and the occasional illusion of an illimitable distance of sylvan joyance. The spirit is allured to gentle thoughts as we wander in what is still really a lane, and, turning down Stanhope Street, behold that house which the great Lord Chesterfield tells us, in one of his letters, he was ' building among the fields.' The cawing of the rooks in his gardens sustains the tone of mind, and Curzon Street, after a long, straggling, sawney course, ceasing to be a thoroughfare, and losing itself in the gardens of another palace, is quite in keeping with all the accessories.

In the night, however, the quarter of which we are speaking is alive. The manners of the population follow those of their masters. They keep late hours. The banquet and the ball dismiss them to their homes at a time when the trades of ordinary regions move in their last sleep, and dream of opening shutters and decking the windows of their shops. At night, the chariot whirls round the frequent corners of these little streets, and the opening valves of the mews vomit forth their legion of broughams. At night, too, the footman, taking advantage of a ball at Holdernesse, or a concert at Lansdowne House, and knowing that, in either instance, the link-boy will answer when necessary for his summoned name, ventures to look in at his club, reads the paper, talks of his master or his mistress, and perhaps throws a main. The shops of this district, depending almost entirely for their custom on the classes we have indicated, and kept often by their relations, follow the order of the place, and are most busy when other places of business are closed.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

THE PILGRIMS OF PALL MALL

My little friend, so small and neat,
Whom years ago I used to meet
In Pall Mall daily,
How cheerily you tripp'd away
To work; it might have been to play,
You tripp'd so gaily.

And time trips too. This moral means
You then were midway in the teens
That I was crowning;
We never spoke, but when I smiled
At morn or eve, I know, dear child,
You were not frowning.

Each morning that we met, I think
Some sentiment did us two link—
Not joy, not sorrow;
And then at eve, experience-taught,
Our hearts were lighter for the thought,—
We meet to-morrow!

And you were poor; and how? and why?
How kind to come! it was for my
Especial grace meant!
Had you a chamber near the stairs,
A bird, some treasured plants in jars,
About your casement?

I often wander forth alone,
When morning bathes the silent town
In dewy glory;
Perhaps, unwittingly, I've heard
Your thrilling-toned canary-bird
From that third story.

I've seen some change since last we met ;—
A patient little seamstress yet,
On small means striving,
Have you a liliputian spouse ?
And do you dwell in some doll's house ?
—Is baby thriving ?

Can bloom like thine—my heart grows chill—
Have sought that bourne unwelcome still
To bosom smarting ?
The most forlorn—what worms we are !—
Would wish to finish this cigar
Before departing.

Sometimes to Pall Mall I repair,
And see the damsels passing there ;
But if I try to
Obtain one glance, they look discreet
As though they'd some one else to meet ;—
As have not *I* too ?

Yet still I often think upon
Our many meetings, come and gone !
July—December !
Now let us make a tryst, and when,
Dear little soul, we meet again,—
The mansion is preparing—then
Thy Friend remember !

F. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

ST. JAMES'S GOSSIP

Half St. Giles in frieze
Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold,
And, after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath

Of course the people came in uncompelled,
Lame, blind, and worse—sick, sorrowful, and worse,
The humours of the peccant social wound
All pressed out, poured out upon Pimlico.
. . . .
My cousin met me with his eyes and hand,
And then, with just a word . . . that 'Marian Erle
Was coming with her bridesmaids presently,'
Made haste to place me by the altar-stair,
Where he and other noble gentlemen
And high-born ladies, waited for the bride.

We waited. It was early: there was time
For greeting, and the morning's compliment;
And gradually a ripple of women's talk
Arose and fell, and tossed about a spray
Of English *ss*, soft as a silent hush,
And, notwithstanding, quite as audible
As louder phrases thrown out by the men.
—'Yes, really, if we've need to wait in church,
We've need to talk there.'—'She? 'Tis Lady Ayr,
In blue—not purple! that's the dowager.'
—'She looks as young.'—She flirts as young, you mean!
Why if you had seen her upon Thursday night,
You'd call Miss Norris modest.'—'*You* again!
I waltzed with you three hours back. Up at six,
Up still at ten: scarce time to change one's shoes.
I feel as white and sulky as a ghost,
So pray don't speak to me, Lord Belcher.'—'No,
I'll look at you instead, and it's enough
While you have that face.' 'In church, my lord! fie,
fie!'
—'Adair, you stayed for the Division?'—'Lost
By one.' 'The devil it is! I'm sorry for't.

And if I had not promised Mistress Grove' . . .
—'You might have kept your word to Liverpool.'
'Constituents must remember, after all,
We're mortal.'—'We remind them of it.'—'Hark,
The bride comes! Here she comes, in a stream of silk!'
—'There? Dear, you are asleep still; don't you know
The five Miss Granvilles? always dressed in white
To show they're ready to be married.'—'Lower!
The aunt is at your elbow.'—'Lady Maud,
Did Lady Waldemar tell you she had seen
This girl of Leigh's?' 'No,—wait! 'twas Mrs. Brookes,
Who told me Lady Waldemar told her—
No, 'twasn't Mrs. Brookes.'—'She's pretty?'—'Who?'
'Mrs. Brookes? Lady Waldemar?'—'How hot!
Pray is't the law to-day we're not to breathe?
You're treading on my shawl—I thank you, sir.'
—'They say the bride's a mere child, who can't read,
But knows the things she shouldn't, with wide-awake
Great eyes. I'd go through fire to look at her.'
—'You do, I think.'—'And Lady Waldemar
(You see her; sitting close to Romney Leigh;
How beautiful she looks, a little flushed!)
Has taken up the girl, and organized
Leigh's folly. Should I have come here, you suppose,
Except she'd asked me?'—'She'd have served him more
By marrying him herself.'
'Ah—there she comes,
The bride, at last!'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE

SHE pass'd up the aisle on the arm of her sire,
—A delicate lady in bridal attire,—
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;—
Half London was there, and, my word, there were few,
Who stood by the altar, or hid in a pew;
But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

O, beautiful bride, still so meek in thy splendour,
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
Going hence you will leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy bosom, unsought,
And Nigel esteeming his bliss as he ought,
Prove worthy thy worship, confound him!

F. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

REGENT STREET

HEAVENS! what a scene of splendour and of dash!
What seeming maze, and yet what perfect order!
We feel as if upon destruction's border
The crowd were treading; we have seen the flash,
And, breathless, look, expecting the loud crash;
Yet all moves on harmonious as the spheres:
Coach, chariot, cab appears and disappears,
And prancing horseman with gay plume and sash;
The lumbering dray with horses huge, the van,
And omnibuses,—count them if you can!
Heavens, what a sight! and yet to ponder well,
The scene has less of grandeur than of gloom,
For, viewed aright, what is this spectacle?
What but a vast procession to the tomb?

JAMES COCHRANE.

PICCADILLY

Piccadilly !—shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,
The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees ;
By daylight, or nightlight, or noisy, or stilly,—
Whatever my mood is,
I love Piccadilly !

Wet nights, when the gas on the pavement is streaming,
And young Love is watching, and old Love is dreaming,
And Beauty is whirling to conquest, where shrilly
Cremona makes nimble thy toes, Piccadilly !

Bright days, when we leisurely pace to and fro,
And meet all the people we do or don't know,—
Here is jolly old Brown, and his fair daughter Lillie ;—
No wonder, young pilgrim, you like Piccadilly !

See yonder pair riding, how fondly they saunter !
She smiles on her poet, whose heart's in a canter :
Some envy her spouse, and some covet her filly,
He envies them both—he's an ass, Piccadilly !

Now were I that gay bride, with a slave at my feet,
I would choose me a house in my favourite street ;
Yes or no—I would carry my point, willy-nilly,
If ' No '—pick a quarrel ; if ' Yes '—Piccadilly !

From Primrose balcony, long ages ago,
' Old Q ' sat at gaze, who now passes below ?
A frolicsome statesman, the Man of the Day ;
A laughing philosopher, gallant and gay ;

No darling of Fortune more manfully trod,
Full of years, full of fame, and the world at his nod,
Heu anni fugaces! The wise and the silly,
Old P or old Q,—
We must quit Piccadilly?

Life is chequer'd, a patchwork of smiles and of frowns;
We value its ups, let us muse on its downs.
There's a side that is bright, it will then turn the other,
One turn, if a good one, deserves such another.
These downs are delightful, *these* ups are not hilly,
Let us turn one more turn ere we quit Piccadilly.

F. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

PICCADILLY

THE Piccadilly entrance into London is certainly an agreeable one, especially in the eyes of damsels and little boys from the country, who fancy they see the Duke of Wellington standing with his sword drawn in Apsley House, and the Queen sitting with her crown on, eating barley-sugar, in Buckingham Palace. It presents a scene of house and park agreeably intermixed: Westminster Abbey is a venerable object over the trees in the distance; there is movement without confusion in the spot, as a thoroughfare; and when the town is full, a constant stream of elegant life may be said to be pouring through it and across it, in the abundance of its carriages and horsemen. . . .

The Burlington Arcade, famous for small shops and tall beadles, is an offset from the grounds of Bur-

lington House. It is a good place to turn into on hot summer days, and wonder how the beadles pass their time. A man may help himself to a complete French education in this thoroughfare. There are sweetmeats to begin with ; shoemakers, tailors, and perruquiers to furnish him from head to foot ; jewels and flowers to make love with ; and, after he has had his hair dressed, he may sit down and read a French classic. Not that we mean to depreciate the advantages afforded us by our gallant neighbours. The late incursions of French wares and ornaments into this country have given an impulse of vivacity to our ideas which they much wanted. They have helped to teach us that colour and cheerfulness are good things for their own sakes ; that a little elegance is not to be despised because it is cheap ; and that if the elegance is not always in the highest taste, it is at least an advance upon no taste at all. By taste, of course, we mean taste in such matters ;—to say nothing of the very finest kinds. We have an abundance of genius and greatness among us in the greatest things ; but we certainly, as a nation, have not hitherto acquired the art of turning smaller ones to account, and getting the most out of life we can ;—which is also a part of the universality of greatness.

Begging pardon of Burlington Arcade for quitting it with so grave a reflection, we turn into the court-yard of Burlington House, where a very ludicrous recollection encounters us. In this place, many years ago, when Bonaparte was coming to devour us all, but thought better of his breakfast, the St. James's Volunteers, by permission of the Duke of Portland, its then possessor, were in the habit of mustering.

We chanced to be one of them. We mustered a thousand strong; had grenadiers, light infantry, a capital band, and to crown all, a Major who was an undertaker in Piccadilly, and who was a very fat man with a jovial youthful face; so that our pretensions were altogether of the biggest, liveliest, and at the same time most mortal description. A Colonel, however, was wanting. He was granted us in the person of William Pitt Amherst. . . . A day was appointed for his taking possession of us. We mustered accordingly in the usual place, and in the highest spirits. The time arrives; the gates are thrown open; a glimpse is caught of a gallant figure on a charger; the band strikes up; the regiment presents arms; enters the noble Colonel, and, in the act of answering our salutation, is pitched right over his horse's head, in the most beautiful of summersaults. Our feelings of course would have been anything but merry, had the result been tragical; but when the noble lord got up, and kindly shook himself, with hilarity in his aspect, to show us that all was well, it assuredly took all the subordination in us to prevent our gratitude from giving way to an uproarious burst of laughter.

LEIGH HUNT.

IN HYDE PARK

Is there a more gay and graceful spectacle in the world than Hyde Park, at the end of a long sunny morning in the merry month of May or June? Where can we see such beautiful women, such gallant cavaliers, such fine horses, and such brilliant equipages? The scene, too, is worthy of such agreeable

accessories : the groves, the gleaming waters, and the triumphal arches. In the distance, the misty heights of Surrey, and the bowery glades of Kensington.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

ROTTEN ROW

THERE'S a tempting bit of greenery—of *rus in urbe* scenery—
That's haunted by the London ' upper ten ';
Where, by exercise on horseback, an equestrian may force back
Little fits of *tedium vitæ* now and then.

Oh ! the times that I have been there, and the types that I have seen there
Of that gorgeous Cockney animal, the ' swell ';
And the scores of pretty riders (both patricians and outsiders)
Are considerably more than I can tell.

When first the warmer weather brought these people all together,
And the crowds began to thicken through the Row,
I reclined against the railing on a sunny day, inhaling
All the spirits that the breezes could bestow.

And the riders and the walkers and the thinkers and the talkers
Left me lonely in the thickest of the throng,
Not a touch upon my shoulder—not a nod from one beholder—
As the stream of Art and Nature went along.

But I brought away one image, from that fashionable
scrimmage,
Of a figure and a face—ah, *such* a face!
Love has photograph'd the features of that loveliest
of creatures
On my memory, as Love alone can trace.

Did I hate the little dandy in the whiskers (they were
sandy),
Whose absurd salute was honour'd by a smile?
Did I marvel at his rudeness in presuming on her
goodness,
When she evidently loathed him all the while?

Oh, the hours that I have wasted, the regrets that I
have tasted,
Since the day (it seems a century ago)
When my heart was won *instanter* by a lady in a
canter,
On a certain sunny day in Rotten Row!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

SUNSET IN THE WEST END

Over the Marble Arch a crimson sunset flared and sunk behind Hyde Park; the lamps in Oxford Street gleamed like flashes of light fallen from the sun as he toiled up and down the sky, a seeming Pre-Copernican, bearing the burden of the day. In Bryanstone Square, Portman Square, Grosvenor Square, Berkeley Square, and in the garden of Devonshire House, elms, limes, and maples began to look grey and ghostly as darkness climbed quickly out of the east. Dusky green ivy, dusky crimson creepers

draped many of the high houses. The sparse leaves in the lofty elm-tops spotted the pale lavender sky that kept still a gleam of day, though all was dark below. The chill wind whispered of winter; night set in; and in Piccadilly, life like a tidal wave, began to rise and pour towards the theatres and halls and hidden nooks in which it clangs and seethes and spends itself.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BATS

JULIAN thought of the great wheeling army of the bats, whose evolutions every night of creation witnesses. In the day they do not sleep, but they are hidden. Their wings are folded so closely as to be invisible. Nobody could tell that they ever flew through shadowy places, seeking that which never satiates, although it may transform, the appetite. Nobody could tell how the twilight affects them when it comes, how, in their obscurity, they have to keep a guard lest the involuntary fluttering of a half-spread pinion betray them. And then when the twilight, the blessed one of the twin twilights, one in course towards day, one in course towards night, has deepened and has died, they can dare to be themselves, to spread their short wings, and to flutter on their vagrant and monotonous courses. It is a great though secret army, the army of the bats. It scours through cities. No weather will keep it quite restful in camp. No darkness will blind it into immobility. The mainspring of sin beats in it as drums beat in a Soudanese fantasia, as blood beats in a heart. The air of night is black with the movement of the bats.

They fly so thickly round some lives that those lives can never see the sky, never catch a glimpse of the stars, never hear the wings of the angels, but always and ever the wings of the bats. Nor can such lives hear the whisper of Nature and of the sirens who walk purely with Nature. The murmur of the bats drowns all other sounds, and makes a hoarse and monotonous music. And the eyes of the bats are hungry, and the breath of the bat is poisonous, and the flight of the bats is a charade of tragedy of the flight of the devils in hell. . . .

That night was warm and gentle, with a full moon riding in clear heavens. The season was growing towards its full height, and the streets were thronged with carriages till a late hour. There is one long pavement that is generally trodden by many feet at every time of the year, and in almost every hour of the wheeling twenty-four. It is the pavement on which the legend of London's disgrace is written in bold characters of defiance. Men from distant lands, having made the pilgrimage to our Mecca, the queen, by right of magnitude at least, of the world's cities, stare aghast upon the legend, almost as Belshazzar stared upon the writing on the wall. Colonists seeking for the first time the comfortable embrace of that mother country which has been the fable of their childhood and the dream of their laborious years of maturity, gaze with withering hearts at this cancer in her bosom. Pure women turn their eyes from it. Children seek it that they may learn in one sharp moment the knowledge of good and evil. The music of the feet on that pavement has called women to despair and men to destruction ; has sung in the ears of innocence till they grew deaf to virtue, and mur-

mured round the heart of love till it became the heart of lust. And that pavement is the camping-ground of the army of the bats. On wet nights they flit drearily through the rain. In winter they glide like shadows among the revealing snows. But in the time of flowers and of soft airs, when the moon at the full swims calmly above the towers of Westminster, and the Thames rests rocked in a silver dream among the ebony wharves and barges, the flight of the bats is gay and their number is legion. And their circle is joined by many who are but recruits, or as camp-followers, treading in the track of those whose names are on the roll-call.

ROBERT HICHENS.

SOME LONDON PHASES

It is a wonderful place . . . this London ; a nation, not a city ; with a population greater than some kingdoms, and districts as different as if they were under different governments and spoke different languages. And what do I know of it ? I have been living here six months, and my life has been passed in a park, two or three squares, and half a dozen streets !

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

LONDON: A NOVELIST'S PHASE

London, say what we will of it, is after all the head of the British giant, and, if not the liveliest in bubbles, it is past competition the largest broth-pot of brains anywhere simmering on the hob: over the steadiest of furnaces too. And the oceans and continents, as you know, are perpetual and copious contributors, either to the heating apparatus or to the contents of the pot. Let grander similes be sought. This one fits for the smoky receptacle cherishing millions, magnetic to tens of millions more, with its caked outside of grime, and the inward substance incessantly kicking the lid, prankish, but never casting it off. A good stew, you perceive; not a parlous boiling. Weak as we may be in our domestic cookery, our political has been sagaciously adjusted as yet to catch the ardours of the furnace without being subject to their volcanic activities.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LONDON'S VASTNESS

What is most striking in London is its vastness. It is the illimitable feeling that gives it a special character. London is not grand. It possesses only one of the qualifications of a grand city, size; but it wants the equally important one, beauty. It is the union of these two qualities that produced the grand cities, the Romes, the Babylons, the hundred portals

of the Pharaohs ; multitudes and magnificence ; the millions influenced by art. Grand cities are unknown since the beautiful has ceased to be the principle of invention. Paris, of modern capitals, has aspired to this character ; but if Paris be a beautiful city, it certainly is not a grand one ; its population is too limited, and, from the nature of their dwellings, they cover a comparatively small space. Constantinople is picturesque ; nature has furnished a sublime site, but it has little architectural splendour, and you reach the environs with a fatal facility. London overpowers us with its vastness.

Place a Forum or an Acropolis in its centre, and the effect of the metropolitan mass, which now has neither head nor heart, instead of being stupefying, would be ennobling. Nothing more completely represents a nation than a public building. A member of Parliament only represents at the most the united constituencies : but the Palace of the Sovereign, a National Gallery, or a Museum baptized with the name of the country, these are monuments to which all should be able to look up with pride, and which should exercise an elevating influence upon the spirit of the humblest. What is their influence in London ? Let us not criticise what all condemn. But how remedy the evil ? What is wanted in architecture, as in so many things, is, a man. Shall we find a refuge in a Committee of Taste ? Escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many ? We only multiply our feebleness, and aggravate our deficiencies. But one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its duty until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield.

Even our boasted navy never achieved a great victory until we shot an admiral. Suppose an architect were hanged? Terror has its inspiration as well as competition.

Though London is vast, it is very monotonous. All those new districts that have sprung up within the last half-century, the creatures of our commercial and colonial wealth, it is impossible to conceive anything more tame, more insipid, more uniform. Pancras is like Mary-le-bone, Mary-le-bone is like Paddington; all the streets resemble each other; you must read the names of the squares before you venture to knock at a door. This amount of building capital ought to have produced a great city. What an opportunity for Architecture suddenly summoned to furnish habitations for a population equal to that of the city of Bruxelles, and a population, too, of great wealth. Mary-le-bone alone ought to have produced a revolution in our domestic architecture. It did nothing. It was built by Act of Parliament. Parliament prescribed even a façade. It is Parliament to whom we are indebted for your Gloucester Places, and Baker Streets, and Harley Streets, and Wimpole Streets, and all those flat, dull, spiritless streets, resembling each other like a large family of plain children, with Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents. The influence of our Parliamentary Government upon the fine arts is a subject worth pursuing. The power that produced Baker Street as a model for street architecture in its celebrated Building Act, is the power that prevented Whitehall from being completed, and which sold to foreigners all the pictures which the King of England had collected to civilize his people.

In our own days we have witnessed the rapid creation of a new metropolitan quarter, built solely for the aristocracy by an aristocrat. The Belgrave district is as monotonous as Mary-le-bone ; and is so contrived as to be at the same time insipid and tawdry.

Where London becomes more interesting is Charing Cross. Looking to Northumberland House, and turning your back upon Trafalgar Square, the Strand is perhaps the finest street in Europe, blending the architecture of many periods ; and its river ways are a peculiar feature and rich with associations. Fleet Street, with its Temple, is not unworthy of being contiguous to the Strand. The Fire of London has deprived us of the delight of a real old quarter of the city ; but some bits remain, and everywhere there is a stirring multitude, and a great crush and crash of carts and wains. The Inns of Court, and the quarters in the vicinity of the port, Thames Street, Tower Hill, Billingsgate, Wapping, Rotherhithe, are the best parts of London ; they are full of character : the buildings bear a nearer relation to what the people are doing than in the more polished quarters.

The old merchants of the times of the first Georges were a fine race. They knew their position, and built up to it. While the territorial aristocracy, pulling down their family hotels, were raising vulgar streets and squares upon their site, and occupying themselves one of the new tenements, the old merchants filled the straggling lanes, which connected the Royal Exchange with the port of London, with mansions which, if not exactly equal to the palaces of stately Venice, might at least vie with many of the hotels of old Paris. Some of these, though the great majority

ALDWYCH SITE

have been broken up into chambers and counting-houses, still remain intact.

In a long, dark, narrow, crooked street, which is still called a lane, and which runs from the south side of the street of the Lombards towards the river, there is one of these old houses of a century past, and which, both in its original design and present condition, is a noble specimen of its order. A pair of massy iron gates, of elaborate workmanship, separate the street from its spacious and airy court-yard, which is formed on either side by a wing of the mansion, itself a building of deep red brick, with a pediment, and pilasters, and copings of stone. A flight of steps leads to a lofty and central doorway ; in the middle of the court there is a garden plot, inclosing a fountain, and a fine plane tree.

The stillness, doubly effective after the tumult just quitted, the lulling voice of the water, the soothing aspect of the quivering foliage, the noble building, and the cool and capacious quadrangle, the aspect even of those who enter, and frequently enter, the precinct, and who are generally young men, gliding in and out, earnest and full of thought, all contribute to give to this locality something of the classic repose of a college, instead of a place agitated with the most urgent interests of the current hour ; a place that deals with the fortunes of kings and empires, and regulates the most important affairs of nations, for it is the counting-house in the greatest of modern cities of the most celebrated of modern financiers.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS

By the invention of the omnibus, all the world keeps its coach! And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No 'plague with servants'; no expense for liveries; no coach-makers' and horse-doctors' bills; no keeping one's fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good-bye, and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it at all till we want it; and then it either comes to one's door, or you go forth, and in a few minutes see it *hulling* up the street—the man-of-war among coaches—the whale's back in the metropolitan flood —while the driver is beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant on his neck.

We cannot say much for the beauty of the omnibus; but there is a certain might of utility in its very bulk, which supersedes the necessity of beauty, as in the case of the whale itself, or in the idea that we entertain of Dr. Johnson, who shouldered porters as he went, and 'laughed like a rhinoceros.'

Enter the omnibus in its own proper person. If a morning omnibus, it is full of clerks and merchants; if a noon, of chance fares; if a night, of returning citizens and fathers of families; if a midnight, of play-goers, and gentlemen lax with stiff glasses of brandy-and-water.

Being one of the chance fares, we enter an omnibus which has yet no other inside passenger.

Enter a precise personage, probably a Methodist, certainly 'well off,' who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the omnibus; that is to say, at

equal distances between the two extremities; because it is the spot in which you feel least the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he 'hems,' and adjusts a glove; or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maidservant, flustered with fear of being too late, and reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the omnibus pitches her against the precisian, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colours and big earrings, and excessively flounced and ringleted, and seats herself opposite the maid-servant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better. . . .

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and unaware of the secret disgust of the Methodist.

Item, an old gentleman; then, a very fat man; then two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommodious presence of her counterparts, while the other, full of good-humour, is comforted by it. The youngster has in the meantime gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face,

neck-cloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us! Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care—an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at! Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room, in a chair! But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories. We sigh for his plethora, with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has, perhaps, acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge, from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. . . .

There are certain things which almost all omnibus-passengers do; such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new-comer farther up than he likes; and all people stumble, forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures, are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the hands of a fellow-passenger. Among the evils, are dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavour to convenience themselves at everybody's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remon-

strated with, without really doing it. Item, cramp in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backwards underneath the seat, in making way for a new-comer —the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity that sets the man opposite him laughing. Item, cruel treadings upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstasy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous—the inflicter, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say, 'Very sorry,' in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency. Among the pleasures also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the omnibus finally to yourself, readjusting yourself in a corner betwixt slumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite, though, as the will becomes piqued in proportion to its luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a night-cap.

LEIGH HUNT.

MORNING IN TOWN

Will's Coffee House,
April 28, 1709

JAUNTY scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them, that an ingenious kinsman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff by name, has, to avoid their strain, run into a way perfectly new, and described things exactly as they happen; he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents

just as they really appear. For an example of it: I stole out of his manuscript the following lines; they are a description of the morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at this end of the town, where my kinsman at present lodges:

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach; . . .
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
Has pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor;
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Only lets out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have published these lines; not that he has any reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of those rogues, the bane to all excellent performances, the imitators. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all descriptions of the evening; as a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the playhouse: or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall-Mall, and so forth.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A LONDON DAY

See what a mass of gems the city wears
Upon her broad live bosom! row on row
Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.
See! that huge circle like a necklace, stares
With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares
The golden stars to dim the lamps below,
And in the mirror of the mire I know
The moon has left her image unawares.

That's the great town at night: I see her breasts,
Pricked out with lamps they stand like huge black
towers,
I think they move! I hear her panting breath.
And that's her head where the tiara rests.
And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death,
Men creep like thoughts. . . . The lamps are like
pale flowers.

THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

RED ROOFS OF LONDON

One roof is not much; but it is often a study. Put a thousand roofs, say rather thousands of red-tiled roofs, and overlook them—not at a great altitude, but at a pleasant easy angle—and then you have the groundwork of the first view of London over Bermondsey from the railway. I say groundwork, because the roofs seem the level and surface of the earth, while the glimpses of streets are glimpses of catcombs. A city—as something to look at—depends very much on its roofs. If a city have no character in its roofs it stirs neither heart nor thought. These red-tiled roofs of Bermondsey, stretching away

mile upon mile, and brought up at the extremity with thin masts, rising above the mist—these red-tiled roofs have a distinctiveness, a character ; they are something to think about. Nowhere else is there an entrance to a city like this. The roads by which you approach them give you distant aspects—minarets, perhaps, in the East, domes in Italy ; but, coming nearer, the highway somehow plunges into houses, confounding you with façades, and the real place is hidden. Here from the railway you see at once the vastness of London. Roof-tree behind roof-tree, ridge behind ridge, is drawn along in succession, line behind line, till they become as close together as the test-lines used for microscopes. Under this surface of roofs what a profundity of life there is ! Just as the great horses in the waggons of London streets convey the idea of strength, so the endlessness of the view conveys the idea of a mass of life. Life converges from every quarter. The iron way has many ruts : the rails are its ruts ; and by each of these a ceaseless stream of men and women pours over the tiled roofs into London. They come from the populous suburbs, from far-away towns and quiet villages, and from oversea. . . .

Sometimes a floating haze, now thicker here, and now lit up yonder by the sunshine, brings out objects more distinctly than a clear atmosphere. Away there tall thin masts stand out, rising straight up above the red roofs. There is a faint colour on them ; the yards are dark—being inclined, they do not reflect the light at an angle to reach us. Half-furled canvas droops in folds, now swelling a little as the wind blows, now heavily sinking. One white sail is set and gleams alone among the dusky folds ; for the

canvas at large is dark with coal-dust, with smoke, with the grime that settles everywhere where men labour with bare arms and chests. Still and quiet as trees the masts rise into the hazy air ; who would think, merely to look at them, of the endless labour they mean ? The labour to load, and the labour to unload ; the labour at sea, and the long hours of ploughing the waves by night ; the labour at the warehouses ; the labour in the fields, the mines, the mountains ; the labour in the factories. Ever and again the sunshine gleams now on this group of masts, now on that ; for they stand in groups as trees often grow, a thicket here and a thicket yonder. Labour to obtain the material, labour to bring it hither, labour to force it into shape—work without end. Masts are always dreamy to look at : they speak a romance of the sea ; of unknown lands ; of distant forests aglow with tropical colours and abounding with strange forms of life. In the hearts of most of us there is always a desire for something beyond experience. Hardly any of us but have thought, Some day I will go on a long voyage ; but the years go by, and still we have not sailed.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

LONDON CHIMNEYS

THERE are so many pictures in my heart
Of God's glad earth, that I should be content
When winter holds me from the world apart
To dream of red-brown rocks, and seaweed scent,
And sunlit clouds that sweep the Devon skies ;
Or I might dwell on Southern fairer sights,
And breathe the perfumed flowers, and feast my eyes

On purple hills that catch the evening lights,
What hour the vesper-bell shuts in the day.
But, no! such idle dreaming makes me feel
More lonely yet . . . 'tis all too far away
From human love to which I must appeal.
So, draw my curtain back, and let me gaze
On friendly London chimneys and their ways.

LILIAN STREET.

THE SMOKE OF LONDON: JOHN EVELYN'S REMEDY

It was one day, as I was walking in your Majesties* palace at White-Hall that a presumptuous smoake issuing from one or two tunnels near Northumberland-House, and not far from Scotland-yard, did so invade the court, that all the rooms, galleries, and places about it were fill'd and infested with it; and that to such a degree, as men could hardly discern one another for the clowd, and none could support, without manifest inconveniency. It was not this which did first suggest to me what I had long since conceived against this pernicious accident, upon frequent observation; but it was this alone, and the trouble that it must needs procure to your sacred Majesty, as well as hazzard to your health, which kindled this indignation of mine, against it. . . . Your Majesty, who is a lover of noble buildings, gardens, pictures, and all royal magnificences, must needs desire to be freed from this prodigious annoyance; and which is so great an enemy to their lustre and beauty, and where it once enters there can nothing remain long in its native splendour and per-

* Charles II.

fection. . . . This pernicious nuisance may be reformed . . . the aer may not only be freed from the present inconveniency; but (that remov'd) render not only your Majesties palace, but the whole City likewise, one of the sweetest, and most delicious habitations in the world; and this, with little or no expense; but by improving those plantations which your Majesty so laudably affects, in the moyst depressed and marshy grounds about the Town, to the culture and production of such things, as upon every gentle emission through the aer should so perfume the adjacent places with their breath; as if, by a certain charm, or innocent magick, they were transferred to that part of Arabia, which is therefore styl'd the Happy, because it is amongst the gums and precious spices. Those who take notice of the sent of the orange-flowers from the Rivage of Genoa, and St. Pietro dell' Arena; the blossoms of the rosemary from the coasts of Spain many leagues off at sea; or the manifest odoriferous wafts which flow from Fontenay and Vaugirard, even to Paris in the season of roses, with the contrary effects of those less pleasing smells from other accidents, will easily consent to what I suggest: and I am able to enumerate a Calalogue of native plants, and such as are familiar to our country and clime, whose redolent and agreeable emissions would even ravish our senses, as well as perfectly improve and meliorate the aer about London; and that, without the least prejudice to the owners and proprietors of the land to be employ'd about it. . . .

I have presumed to offer these few proposals for the meliorating and refining the aer of London; being extremely amazed, that where there is so great

an affluence of all things which may render the people of this vast City, the most happy upon earth ; the sordid, and accursed avarice of some few particular persons, should be suffered to prejudice the health and felicity of so many : that any profit (besides what is of absolute necessity) should render men regardlesse of what chiefly imports them, when it may be purchased upon so easie conditions, and with so great advantages : for it is not happiness to possesse gold, but to enjoy the effects of it, and to know how to live cheerfully and in health, *non est vivere, sed valere vita.* That men whose very being is aer, should not breathe freely when they may ; but (as that Tyrant us'd his vassals) condemn themselves to this misery and *fumo præsocari*, is strange stupidity : yet thus we see them walk and converse in London, pursu'd and haunted by that infernal smoake, and accidents which accompany it wheresoever they retire.

That this glorious and antient city, which from wood might be rendered brick, and (like another Rome) from brick made stone, and marble ; which commands the proud ocean to the Indies, and reaches to the farthest Antipodes, should wrap her stately head in clowds of smoake and sulphur, so full of stink and darkness, I deplore with just indignation. That the buildings should be composed of such a congestion of mishapen and extravagant houses ; that the streets should be so narrow and incommodious in the very centre, and busiest places of intercourse : that there should be so ill and uneasie a form of paving under foot, so troublesome and malicious a disposure of the spouts and gutters overhead, are particulars worthy of reproof and reformation ;

because it is hereby rendered a labyrinth in its principal passages, and a continual wet-day after the storm is over. . . .

The City of London is built upon a sweet and most agreeable eminency of ground, at the north side of a goodly and well-condition'd river, towards which it hath an aspect by a gentle and easie declivity, apt to be improv'd to all that may render her palaces, buildings, and avenues usefull, gracefull and most magnificent: the fumes which exhale from the waters and lower grounds lying southward, by which means they are perpetually attracted, carried off or dissipated by the sun, as soon as they are born and ascend.

Adde to this, that the soil is universally gravell, not onely where the City it self is placed; but for several miles about the countreys which environ it: that it is plentifully and richly irrigated, and visited with waters which christalize her fountains in every street, and may be conducted to them in such farther plenty, as Rome her self might not more abound in this liquid ornament, for the pleasure and divertisement, as well as for the use and refreshment of her inhabitants. I forbear to enlarge upon the rest of the conveniencies which this august and opulant City enjoies both by sea and land, to accumulate her encomiums, and render her the most considerable that the earth has standing upon her ample bosom; because, it belongs to the orator and the poet, and is none of my institution: but I will infer, that if this goodly City justly challenges what is her due, and merits all that can be said to reinforce her praises, and give her title; she is to be reliev'd from that which renders her less healthy, really offends her, and

which darkens and eclipses all her other attributes. And what is all this, but that hellish and dismall clowd of sea-coal ? which is not onely perpetually imminent over her head,—but so universally mixed with the otherwise wholesome and excellent aer, that her inhabitants breathe nothing but an impure and thick mist. . . .

I have strangely wondered, and not without some just indignation, when the south-wind has been gently breathing, to have sometimes beheld that stately house and garden belonging to my Lord of Northumberland, even as far as Whitehall and Westminster, wrapped in a horrid clowd of this smoake, issuing from a brew-house or two contiguous to that noble palace : so as coming up the river, that part of the City has appear'd a sea where no land was within ken. . . .

There is [besides others] an expedient, which I have here to offer (were this of the poisonous and filthy smoke removed), by which the City and environs about it, might be rendered one of the most pleasant and agreeable places in the world. In order to this I propose : That all low-grounds circumjacent to the City, especially east and south-west, be cast and contriv'd into square plots, or fields of twenty, thirty, and forty akers, or more, separated by fences of double palisads, or contr'spaliers, which should enclose a plantation of an hundred and fifty, or more, feet deep, about each field ; not much unlike to what His Majesty has already begun by the wall from Old Spring-garden to St. James's in that Park ; and is somewhat resembled in the new Spring-garden at Lambeth. That these palisads be elegantly planted, diligently kept and supply'd, with such

shrubs, as yield the most fragrant and odoriferous flowers, and are aptest to tinge the aer upon every gentle emission at a great distance: Such as are (for instance amongst many others) the *Sweet-briar*, all the *Periclymenas* and *Woodbinds;* the common white and yellow *Jessamine*, both the *Syringas* or *Pipe trees;* the *Guelder-rose*, the *Musk*, and all other *Roses; Genista Hispanica.* To these may be added the *Rubus odoratus*, *Bayes*, *Juniper*, *Lignum-vitæ*, *Lavender;* and above all, *Rosemary*, the flowers whereof are credibly reported to give their sent above thirty leagues off at sea, upon the coasts of Spain: and at some distance towards the meadow side *Vines*, yea, *Hops*, . . . in brief, whatsoever is odoriferous and refreshing . . . which upon the least pressure and wetting, breathe out and betray their ravishing odours.

That the fields, and crofts within these closures, or invironing gardens, be, some of them planted with *wild Thyme*, and such blossom-bearing grain as send forth their virtue at farthest distance; and are all of them *marketable* at London; by which means, the aer and winds perpetually fanned from so many circling and encompassing hedges, fragrant shrubs, trees and flowers not onely all that did approach the region, which is properly design'd to be flowery, but even the whole City, would be sensible of the sweet and ravishing varieties of the perfumes, as well as of the most delightful and pleasant objects, and places of recreation for the inhabitants. . . . Being converted to this use, [London] might yield a diversion inferior to none that could be imagin'd for Health, Profit, and Beauty, which are the three transcendencies that render a place without all ex-

ception. And this is what (in short) I had to offer, for the improvement and melioration of the aer about London.

JOHN EVELYN.

TO MY LONDON BROTHERS

From the Country

O brothers, who must ache and stoop
  O'er wordy tasks in London town,
How scantly Laura trips for you—
  A poem in a gown!
How rare if Grub-street grew a lawn!
  How sweet if Nature's lap could spare
A dandelion for the Strand,
  A cowslip for Mayfair!

But here, from immaterial lyres,
  There rings in easy confidence
The blackbirds' bright philosophy
  On apple-spray or fence:
For ploughmen wending home from toil
  Some patriot thrush outpours his lay,
And voices, wildly eloquent,
  The diary of his day.

These living lyrics you may hear
  Remembering the lane's romance,
All hung in wicker hells to chirp
  Their ghosts of utterance:
But where the gusts of liberty
  Make Ragged Robin wisely bend
They quicken hedgerows with their song,
  Melodiously unpenned.

If souls of mighty singers leave
The vacant body to its hush,
Does Shelley linger in the lark,
Or Keats possess the thrush ?
The end is undecaying doubt,
And in some blackbird's bosom still
Great Tennyson may sweeten eve
And whistle on the hill.

Come, brothers, to this clean delight,
And watch the velvet-headed tit.
Here's honest sorrel in the grass
And sturdy cuckoo-spit :
What shepherds hear you shall not miss,
And at deliverance of dawn
Shall see a miracle of bloom
Across the sparkling lawn.

The forest musically begs
To fan you with its leafy love ;
Oh, fall asleep upon this moss
Entreated by the dove !
Here shall that sweet Conservative,
Dear Mother Nature, lend to you
Her lovely rural elements
Beneath the primal blue.

O brothers, who must ache and stoop
O'er wordy tasks in London town,
How scantly Laura trips for you—
A poem in a gown !
How good if Fleet-street grew a lawn !
How sweet if garden-plots could spare
A bed of cloves to scent the Strand,
A pansy for Mayfair !

NORMAN GALE.

SUNDAY IN LONDON

An English Sunday; where is its sacred influence more strikingly apparent than in the very heart of that great Babel, London? On this sacred day, the gigantic monster is charmed into repose. The intolerable din and struggle of the week are at an end. The shops are shut. The fires of forges and manufactories are extinguished; and the sun, no longer obscured by murky clouds of smoke, pours down a sober, yellow radiance into the quiet streets. The few pedestrians we meet, instead of hurrying forth with anxious countenances, move leisurely along; their brows are smoothed from the wrinkles of business and care; they have put on their Sunday looks, and Sunday manners, with their Sunday clothes, and are cleansed in mind as well as in person.

And now the melodious clangour of bells from church towers summons their several flocks to the fold. Forth issues from his mansion the family of the decent tradesman, the small children in the advance; then the citizen and his comely spouse, followed by the grown-up daughters, with small morocco-bound prayer-books in the folds of their pocket-handkerchiefs. The housemaid looks after them from the window, admiring the finery of the family, and receiving, perhaps, a nod and smile from her young mistresses, at whose toilet she has assisted.

Now rumbles along the carriage of some magnate of the city, peradventure an alderman or a sheriff, and now the patter of many feet announces a procession of charity scholars, in uniforms of antique cut, and each with a prayer-book under his arm.

The ringing of bells is at an end ; the rumbling of the carriage has ceased ; the pattering of feet is heard no more ; the flocks are folded in ancient churches, cramped up in by-lanes and corners of the crowded city, where the vigilant beadle keeps watch, like the shepherd's dog, round the threshold of the sanctuary. For a time everything is hushed ; but soon is heard the deep pervading sound of the organ, rolling and vibrating through the empty lanes and courts ; and the sweet chanting of the choir making them resound with melody and praise. Never have I been more sensible of the sanctifying effect of church music, than when I have heard it thus poured forth, like a river of joy, through the inmost recesses of this great metropolis, elevating it, as it were, from all the sordid pollutions of the week ; and bearing the poor world-worn soul on a tide of triumphant harmony to heaven. . . .

On Sunday afternoon the city pours forth its legions to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the sunshine of the parks and rural environs. Satirists may say what they please about the rural enjoyments of a London citizen on Sunday, but to me there is something delightful in beholding the poor prisoner of the crowded and dusty city enabled thus to come forth once a week and throw himself upon the green bosom of Nature. He is like a child restored to the mother's breast ; and they who first spread out these noble parks and magnificent pleasure-grounds which surround this huge metropolis, have done at least as much for its health and morality as if they had expended the amount of cost in hospitals, prisons, and penitentiaries

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ON LIVING IN LONDON

I AM writing to you in an inn on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this when I was in the Italian inns! in a wide barn with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaux heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back! and what magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-cellars, and boxes to hold the knives; but the *summum bonum* was small beer and the newspaper.

'I bless'd my stars, and called it luxury!'

Who was the Neapolitan ambassadress that could not live at Paris, because there was no macaroni? Now am I relapsed into all the dissatisfied refinement of a true English grumbling voluptuary. I could find in my heart to write a Craftsman against the Government, because I am not quite so much at my ease as on my own sofa. I could persuade myself that it is my Lord Carteret's fault that I am only sitting in a common arm-chair, when I would be lolling in a *péché-mortel*. How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena. Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now, and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, etc. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room,

with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country. Well, it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but Recipe, CCCLXV drachm. Londin. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is in the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head. A journey to take—ay! they talk over the miles to you, and tell you, you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, *John* always goes two hours in the dark in the morning, to avoid being one hour in the dark in the evening. I was pressed to set out to-day before seven! I did before nine; and here am I arrived at a quarter past five, for the rest of the night.

HORACE WALPOLE.

CHILDREN OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

Holy Thursday

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green:

Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

SIR ROGER IN LONDON

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.
OVID: *Ars Am.*, i. 241.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of

my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work ; but at the same time saw him put his hand into his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me, my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. 'I

have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me, that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges. . . .

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable aspect drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

A SONG OF SHADOWS

The city is weird with shadows,
In the shine of a sunny day
You may see them darken the pavements—
Furtive, and hushed, and grey,
They crouch by the brooding houses,
They flit through the streets below:
Every man has his shadow
That follows him to and fro.

And still when the day is sunless
They haunt the heart of the din,
They dance at the heels of pleasure,
They run before folly and sin,
Love, and honour, and beauty
They follow without a sound—
If the sun shine out but a moment
You may see them darken the ground.

The city is weird with shadows
And fear or thought of them lies
On pallid and weary faces,
In hungry and wistful eyes,
In brains that madden with sorrow,
In hearts that sadden and break—
Shadows of day and darkness
Nor sun nor moon ever make.

Heedless each of the other,
We people the crowded way;
We are shadows born of the daylight,
And pass and fade with the day,

And the glory and gold we garner,
What is it when all is done ?
Every man has his shadow,
Though he walk in the shade or the sun.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A COCKNEY'S EVENING SONG

Fades into twilight the last golden gleam
Thrown by the sunset on upland and stream ;
Glints o'er the Serpentine—tips Notting Hill—
Dies on the summit of proud Pentonville.

Day brought us trouble, but Night brings us peace ;
Morning brought sorrow, but Eve bids it cease.
Gaslight and Gaiety, beam for a while ;
Pleasure and Paraffin, lend us a smile.

Temples of Mammon are voiceless again—
Lonely policemen inherit Mark Lane ;
Silent is Lothbury—quiet Cornhill—
Babel of Commerce, thine echoes are still.

Far to the South—where the wanderer strays
Lost among graveyards and riverward ways,
Hardly a footfall and hardly a breath
Comes to dispute Lawrence—Pountney with Death.

Westward the stream of Humanity glides ;—
'Busses are proud of their dozen insides.
Put up thy shutters, grim Care, for to-day—
Mirth and the lamplighter hurry this way.

Out on the glimmer weak Hesperus yields !
Gas for the cities and stars for the fields.
Daisies and buttercups, do as ye list ;
I and my friend are for music and whist.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE SEASONS IN LONDON

'What ? Russell Square !'
There's lilac there !
And Torrington
And Woburn Square
Intrepid don
The season's wear.
In Gordon Square and Euston Square—
There's lilac, there's laburnum there !
In green and gold and lavender
Queen Square and Bedford Square,
All Bloomsbury and all Soho
With every sunbeam gayer grow,
Greener grow and gayer.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Summer in the City's heart
That is enough for me.

AMY LEVY.

Ah ! gloomy are the Winter days
That close around the traffic mart :
And short lived are the Summer rays
That fall upon the City's heart.

ELIZA COOK.

A LONDON INVITATION

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom, and soft perfume, and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London !)
And there they say, when dawn is high, and all the world's a blaze of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare, and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London !)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo*, of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London !)

And when the rose begins to pout, and all the chestnut spires are out
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorussing for London :—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland ;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)

ALFRED NOYES.

CERTAIN TRAITS OF THE LONDON SPRINGTIME

THE painting-up which the apartments, as they always call themselves, undergo inside and out, in preparation for the season, is a rite to which all London bows during April as far as it can afford. . . . For a month of preparation, while the house-fronts in the fashionable streets are escaladed by painters emulous of the perils of the 'samphire-gatherer's dreadful trade,' the air is filled with the clean turpentiny odour, and the eye is pleased with the soft colours in which the grimy walls remember the hopes of another spring, of another London season. . . .

The leaves, by the beginning of June, were in their silken fulness ; the trees stood densely, softly, darkly rounded in the dim air, and they did not begin to shed their foliage till almost two months later. But I think I had never so exquisite a sense of the loveliness of the London trees as one evening in the grounds

of a country club not so far out of London as not to have London trees in its grounds. They were mostly oaks, beeches, and sycamores; they frequented the banks of a wide, slow water, which could not be called a stream, and they hung like palpable sort of clouds in the gathering mists. The mists, in fact, seemed of much the same density as the trees, and I should be bolder than I like if I declared which the birds were singing their vespers in. . . . The birds are heard everywhere in London through that glowing month (June), and their singing would drown the roar of the omnibuses and the clatter of the cab-horses' hoofs if anything could. The little gardens of the houses back together and form innumerable shelters and pleasaunces for them. The simple beauty of those umbrageous places is unimaginable to the American city-dweller, who never sees anything but clothes-lines in blossom from his back windows; but they exist nearly everywhere in London, and a more spacious privacy can always be secured where two houses throw their gardens together, as sometimes happens.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY IN LONDON

On rainbow-rifted clouds,
On dingy-hearted crowds,
On London roofs and on the dusky river,
Apollo scatters from his heavenly quiver
New light and song:
In human souls our cold estrangements sever,
His breath, that is the breath of God for ever,
Undoes the wrong,

And stirs the winter-frozen love that never
Was heir of death, yet dreamed of death so long :
Sweet arrows shiver
Through sacred dust, to make the inmate strong.

On grimy window-sills,
Celestial sunshine thrills
Awaking snowdrops, and is softly stealing
Through smoky panes to bless the folk with healing.
Around Saint Paul's,
Now iris-bosomed birds, in love excelling,
Are cooing ; and in many a stricken dwelling,
On prisoning walls,
A gleam of God, of wondrous worlds foretelling
That know not space nor time, a moment falls,
And life, revealing
Eternal life, sets free earth's spell-bound thralls.

ANNIE MATHESON.

SPRING IN TOWN

The country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses ; showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth ;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May,
Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom—
And lo ! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,
And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
The anemones by forest-mountains rise;
And the Spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
Like notes of wood birds, and whene'er the eye
Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.
The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
Scarce bore these tossing plumes with fleeter pace.

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,—
Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,—
A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
To Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan Bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots! who will care
For steeds or footmen now? Ye cannot show
Fair face, and dazzling dress, and graceful air,
And last edition of the shape! Ah, no,
These sights are for the earth and open sky,
And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SPRING SONG IN THE CITY

Who remains in London,
In the streets with me,
Now that Spring is blowing
Warm winds from the sea;

Now that trees grow green and tall,
Now the Sun shines mellow,
And with moist primroses all
English lanes are yellow ?

Little barefoot maiden,
Selling violets blue,
Hast thou ever pictured
Where the sweetlings *grew* ?—
Oh, the warm wild woodland ways,
Deep in dewy grasses,
Where the wind-blown shadow strays,
Scented as it passes !

Pedlar breathing deeply,
Toiling into town,
With the dusty highway
Thou art dusky brown.—
Hast thou seen by daisied leas,
And by rivers flowing,
Lilac ringlets which the breeze
Loosens, lightly blowing ?

Out of yonder waggon
Pleasant hay-scents float,
He who drives it carries
A daisy in his coat ;
Oh, the English meadows, fair
Far beyond all praises !
Freckled orchids everywhere
'Mid the snow of daisies !

. . . .

Oh, to be a-roaming
In an English dell !
Every nook is wealthy,
All the world looks well,

Tinted soft the Heavens glow,
Over Earth and Ocean,
Brooks flow, breezes blow,
All is light and motion!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A SONG OF LONDON

The sun's on the pavement,
The current comes and goes,
And the grey streets of London
They blossom like the rose.

Crowned with the Spring sun,
Vistas fair and free;
What joy that waits not?
What that may not be?

The blue-bells may beckon,
The cuckoo call—and yet—
The grey streets of London
I never may forget.

O fair shines the gold moon
On blossom-clustered eaves,
But bright blinks the gas-lamp
Between the linden-leaves.

And the green country meadows
Are fresh and fine to see,
But the grey streets of London
They're all the world to me.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

A LONDON MAY MORN

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one!
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
Came forth his glorious race to run,
  Through clouds of most splendid tinges;
Clouds that lately slept in shade,
    But now seem'd made
    Of gold brocade,
  With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
  From river, and hill, and valley;
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,
And the Barge, that carried coal or corn,
  Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod
Suburban poplars began to nod,
  With extempore splendour furnish'd;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
    And above them all,
    The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross, and its Golden Ball
  Shone out as if newly burnish'd!

And lo! for Golden Hours and Joys
Troops of glittering Golden Boys
Danced along with a jocund noise,
  And their gilded emblems carried!

TOM HOOD

JUNE IN LONDON

With Pupils

Books and heat, the dullard mind
Reeling under Cicero ;
London landscape, roof and blind
Blacker e'en than London snow :
Pupils coming all day long,
All my pause the thought that she,
She I love, my joy, and song,
Dreams by day and night of me.
Ah, might I gather a rose with its dew
For her heart on this bright June morning !

Doric of the roughest mould
Planned to make a Master sour ;
Thirty lines of Virgil's gold
Slowly melting in an hour !
Ovid's ingots and the gems
Horace polished for our eyes
In a maze of roots and stems,
Hurdy-gurdies, cabmen's cries !
Ah, might I gather a rose in its dew
For her heart on this bright June morning !

Envious twigs in leafy nook
Catch my love's long tresses fair,
E'en as Grecian branches shook
Down Diana's crown of hair !
While on Cæsar's bridge I stand
Fancy brings (but could they speak !)
Laura's lips, and, faintly tanned,
Peachy glimpses of her cheek !
Ah, might I gather a rose in its dew
For her heart on this bright June morning !

NORMAN GALE.

LONDON AT MIDSUMMER

Greenwich and Richmond are, classically, the two suburban dining-places. . . . How pleasant . . . to sit in a company of clever and distinguished men before the large windows that look out upon the broad brown Thames. The ships swim by confidently, as if they were part of the entertainment and put down in the bill; the light of the afternoon fades ever so slowly. We eat all the fish of the sea, and wash them down with liquids that bear no resemblance to salt water. . . .

I have still other memories of Greenwich, where there is a charming old park, on a summit of one of whose grassy undulations the famous observatory is perched. To do the thing completely you must take passage upon one of the little grimy sixpenny steamers that ply upon the Thames, perform the journey by water, and then, disembarking, take a stroll in the park to get an appetite for dinner. I find an irresistible charm in any sort of river-navigation, but I scarce know how to speak of the little voyage from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. It is in truth the most prosaic form of being afloat, and to be recommended rather to the inquiring than to the fastidious mind. It initiates you into the duskiness, the blackness, the crowdedness, the intensely commercial character of London. Few European cities have a finer river than the Thames, but none certainly has expended more ingenuity in producing a sordid river-front. For miles and miles you see nothing but the sooty backs of warehouses, or perhaps they are the sooty faces: in buildings so utterly expressionless it is impossible to distinguish. They stand massed together on the banks of the wide turbid stream,

which is fortunately of too opaque a quality to reflect the dismal image. A damp-looking, dirty blackness is the universal tone. The river is almost black, and is covered with black barges ; above the black housetops, from among the far-stretching docks and basins, rises a dusky wilderness of masts. The little puffing steamer is dingy and gritty—it belches a sable cloud that keeps you company as you go. In this carboniferous shower your companions, who belong chiefly, indeed, to the classes bereft of lustre, assume an harmonious greyness ; and the whole picture, glazed over with the glutinous London mist, becomes a masterly composition. But it is very impressive in spite of its want of lightness and brightness, and though it is ugly it is anything but trivial. Like so many of the aspects of English civilization that are untouched by elegance or grace, it has the merit of expressing something very serious. Viewed in this intellectual light the polluted river, the sprawling barges, the dead-faced warehouses, the frowsy people, the atmospheric impurities become richly suggestive. It sounds rather absurd, but all this smudgy detail may remind you of nothing less than the wealth and power of the British Empire at large ; so that a kind of metaphysical magnificence hovers over the scene, and supplies what may be literally wanted. I don't exactly understand the association, but I know that when I look off to the left at the East India Docks, or pass under the dark hugely piled bridges, where the railway trains and the human processions are for ever moving, I feel a kind of imaginative thrill. The tremendous piers of the bridges, in especial, seem the very pillars of the Empire aforesaid.

HENRY JAMES.

A BALLADE MADE IN THE HOT WEATHER

Fountains that frisk and sprinkle
The moss they overspill;
Pools that the breezes crinkle;
The wheel beside the mill,
With its wet, weedy frill;
Wind-shadows in the wheat;
A water-cart in the street;
The fringe of foam that girds
An islet's ferneries;
A green sky's minor thirds—
To live, I think of these!

Of ice and glass the tinkle,
Pellucid, silver shrill;
Peaches without a wrinkle;
Cherries and snow at will
From china bowls that fill
The senses with a sweet
Incuriousness of heat;
A melon's dripping sherds;
Cream-clotted strawberries;
Dusk dairies set with curds—
To live, I think of these!

Vale-lily and periwinkle,
Wet stone-crop on the sill;
The look of leaves a-twinkle
With windlets clear and still;
The feel of a forest rill
That wimples fresh and fleet
About one's naked feet;

The muzzles of drinking herds ;
Lush flags and bulrushes ;
The chirp of rain-bound birds—
To live, I think of these !

Envoy.

Dark aisles, new packs of cards,
Mermaidens' tails, cool swards,
Dawn dews and starlit seas,
White marbles, whiter words—
To live, I think of these !

W. E. HENLEY.

LONDON IN JULY

WHAT ails my senses thus to cheat ?
What is it ails the place,
That all the people in the street
Should wear one woman's face ?

The London trees are dusty-brown
Beneath the summer sky ;
My love, she dwells in London town,
Nor leaves it in July.

O various and intricate maze,
Wide waste of square and street ;
Where, missing through unnumbered days,
We twain at last may meet !

And who cries out on crowd and mart ?
Who prates of stream and sea ?
The summer in the City's heart—
That is enough for me.

AMY LEVY.

OUT OF TOWN

I HAVE little news, my dear Bob, wherewith to entertain you from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as her Majesty has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of cities has gone out of town. . . . I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightway *à se caser*, as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best : the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me ; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

Colonel Padmore of our Club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass,

I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality, were going on. What a change it is now in the Park, from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dickey-bird, depicted only a few weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which give an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs? (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback). Where are the dear rideresses, above all? Where is she the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, Bob? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young Diana, with pure bright eyes! Where is Fanny, who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare? Fanny changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake. The gay squadrons have disappeared: the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. Watteau-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens: the scarlet

trumpeters have blown themselves away thence; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride; and Mrs. Catherine Highflyer, whom a fortnight since you never was unaccompanied by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But Podmore's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run, any the quicker, Mr. Bob; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any Mrs. Highflyer of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, O ogling and vain Delilah, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about amongst the books and tea-things, and wait upon me in general: whereas in the full season, when young Lord Claude Lollipop is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit will Miss Flora ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old Mr. Brown on the first, but sends me in Muggins, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the Club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is pre-

cluded in the full season ? Every man in every club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening ; of Mr. Plodder threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner ; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the Club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, ' Oh, that I could go to the Club without seeing Banquo—Oh, that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton-chop—Oh, that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket-handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing !' Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says ; Mr. Plodder is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the ' Trois Frères' ; and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton, where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The Club is your own. How pleasant it is ! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle ; you may see all the Sunday papers ; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if

you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it; what mortal can ask more?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people *are* actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis: and that Mr. and Mrs. Higgs being left at home at Islington, when Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, their next door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear Bob, and noted their manners: and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between Higgs and Biggs, think what a strange standard of superiority is set up!—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settles the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life, there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd: but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in

London. Ashamed, sir! I like being in London at this time! . . . As nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you: very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer-evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the tea-pot. What matters that it is the metal tea-pot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's? What matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-hollands cover? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en déshabille*. In an honest man's house, the wine is never sent to the bankers; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not. We become intimate again because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly and full of quiet enjoyment.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LONDON IN OCTOBER

Autumn goes wandering—wandering on her way
Down the mild slope that shortens day by day
Under these quiet skies.
Here, as the green leaves fade, the gold leaves fall,
A still enchantment widens over all,
Painting the streets with vague autumnal dyes
Like ancient tapestries;

Touching to fantasy unfelt before
The motley hoarding's many-coloured lore;
With every floating leaf, each sound that sighs,
Seizing the sense with something subtler yet—
The deep exhilaration of regret
For this sweet hour that flies.
The long, barge-laden stream
Bears on the roseate haze, the golden gleam;
The leaves go hurrying at the light wind's call
As to some festival.
While we, half sorrowful, half exultant, too,
Blown by the old year's breath to meet the new,
Stretch forth our hands to greet we know not what,
So fair for ever is the unknown lot!
So strong the glamour of the London street,
With dim expectancies
Holding the heart in bondage stormy and sweet.
Here, though the dead leaves flit,
Doubt shall not hold dominion over it,
Nor age nor sorrow, but sensuous sheer delight
In the blue, lamp-hung night.

Thine are our hearts, beloved City of Mist,
Wrapped in thy veils of opal and amethyst,
Set in thy shrine of lapis-lazuli,
Dowered with the very language of the sea,
Lit with a million gems of living fire—
London, the goal of many a soul's desire!
Goddess, and sphinx, thou hold'st us safe in thrall
Here while the dead leaves fall.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

REGENT'S CANAL

LONDON'S INSPIRING FOG

In a certain house in Kensington,
Three years I lived and worked. Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says, 'Sweat
For foreheads'; men say 'crowns'; and so we are crowned,—
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

So, happy and unafraid of solitude,
I worked the short days out,—and watched the sun
On lurid morns or monstrous afternoons,
Like some Druidic idol's fiery brass,
With fixed unflickering outline of dead heat,
In which the blood of wretches pent inside
Seemed oozing forth to incarnadine the air,—
Push out through fog with his dilated disk,
And startle the slant roofs and chimney-pots
With splashes of fierce colour. Or I saw
Fog only, the great tawny weltering fog,
Involve the passive city, strangle it
Alive, and draw it off into the void,
Spires, bridges, streets, and squares, as if a sponge
Had wiped out London,—or as noon and night
Had clapped together and utterly struck out
The intermediate time, undoing themselves
In the act. Your city poets see such things,
Not despicable. Mountains of the south,
When, drunk and mad with elemental wines,
They rend the seamless mist and stand up bare,

Make fewer singers, haply. No one sings,
Descending Sinai: on Parnassus mount,
You take a mule to climb, and not a muse,
Except in fable and figure: forests chant
Their anthems to themselves, and leave you dumb.
But sit in London, at the day's decline,
And view the city perish in the mist
Like Pharaoh's armaments in the deep Red Sea,—
The chariots, horsemen, footmen, all the host,
Sucked down and choked to silence—then, surprised
By a sudden sense of vision and of tune,
You feel as conquerors though you did not fight,
And you and Israel's other singing girls,
Ay, Miriam with them, sing the song you choose.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

NOVEMBER

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No roads, no streets, no t'other side the way;
No end to any row,
No indication where the crescents go,
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion,
'No go'—by land or ocean,
No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast,

No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility ;
No company, no nobility,
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No-Vember.

TOM HOOD.

A LONDON FOG

London, Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot as big as full-grown snow-flakes—gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguished in mire. Horses, scarcely better ; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows ; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and

the water-side pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs ; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships ; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the fire-sides of their wards ; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin ; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandmen, and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time —as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look. The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation : Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering conditions which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds, this day, in the sight of heaven and earth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A LONDON DAY IN NOVEMBER

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy grey ;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull, unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails ;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole
Scarce an eclipse with pall so dun
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town ; behold the smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges,
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies ;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.

HENRY LUTTREL

LONDON SNOW

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
  Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs falling ;

Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :
Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.
All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
Its clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness;
The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air;
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.
Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-balling ;
Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
'O look at the trees!' they cried, 'O look at the trees!'
With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder :
When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.
For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow;
And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go :
But even for them awhile no cares encumber
Their minds diverted ; the daily word unspoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have broken.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

RIVER, BRIDGE, AND TOWER

Spires of the City gleam, houses loom large in the grey light,
Yonder a flag is flung out, yonder a casement shines clear,
And lo ! St. Paul's like a crag, rounded dewy with daylight,
Shines in the sun, while below it masts thick as reeds on a
mere
Rise from the dark-flowing Thames !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

'London's beauty is not in its monuments, but in its immensity ; the colossal character of its quays and bridges. The Thames, from London Bridge to Greenwich, I can only compare to an immense moving street of ships, large and small, something suggestive to the Parisian mind of an aquatic Rue de Rivoli. The docks are stupendous buildings, but what impressed me most were the splendid arrangements for unloading vessels, which came close up to the quays, and disembarked their cargoes into the shops, as it were.

EMILE ZOLA.

HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand:
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee, as thousand others doe:
No more shall I along thy christall glide,
In barge with boughes and rushes beautifi'd,
With soft-smooth virgins for our chast disport,
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court:
Never againe shall I with finnie ore
Put from or draw unto the faithfull shore,
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nimphs and curious water dames
With swan-like state flote up and down thy streams:
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them leane, and languishing at all:
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THY STREAM, O THAMES!

THEN commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possessed the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steered sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Rowed, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretched its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increased.

JAMES THOMSON.

FATHER OF BRITISH FLOODS!

THOU too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:

Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE THAMES FROM COOPER'S HILL

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys,
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames ! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring ;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil ;
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind ;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

LONDON'S UNRIVALLED MEZZOTINT

A GENTLEMAN, noteworthy for a lively countenance and a waistcoat to match it, crossing London Bridge at noon on a gusty April day, was almost magically detached from his conflict with the gale by some sly strip of slipperiness, abounding in that conduit of the markets, which had more or less adroitly performed the trick upon preceding passengers, and now laid this one flat amid the shuffle of feet, peaceful for the moment as the uncomplaining who have gone to Sabrina beneath the tides. . . . His recovery was not in this instance due to the calling on himself for the rescue of an ancient and glorious country; not altogether to the spectacle of the shipping, over the parapet to his right: the hundreds of masts rising out of the merchant's river; London's unrivalled mezzotint and the City's rhetorician's inexhaustible argument: he gained it rather from the imperious demand of an animated and thirsty frame for novel impressions. Commonly he was too hot with his business, and airy fancies above it, when crossing the bridge, to reflect in freshness on its wonders; though a phrase could spring him alive to them; a suggestion

of a Foreigner, jealous, condemned to admire in despair of outstripping, like Satan worsted ; or when a Premier's fine inflation magnified the scene at City banquets—exciting while audible, if a waggery in memory ; or when England's cherished Bard, the Leading Article, blew bellows, and wind primed the lieges.

That a phrase on any other subject was of much the same effect, in relation to it, may be owned ; he was lightly kindled. The scene, however, had a sharp sparkle of attractiveness at the instant. Down went the twirling horizontal pillars of a strong tide from the arches of the bridge, breaking to wild water at a remove ; and a reddish Northern cheek of curdling pipeing East, at shrilly puffs between the Tower and the Custom House, encountered it to whip and ridge the flood against descending tug and long tail of stern-ajerk empty barges ; with a steamer slowly noseing round off the wharf-cranes, preparing to swirl the screw ; and half-bottom-upward boats dancing harpooner beside their whale ; along an avenue, not fabulously golden, of the deputy masts of all nations, a wintry woodland, every rag aloft curling to volume ; and here the spouts and the mounds of steam, and rolls of brown smoke there, variously undulated, curved to vanish ; cold blue sky ashift with the whirl and dash of a very Tartar cavalry of cloud overhead. Surely a scene pretending to sublimity ? Gazing along that grand highway of the voyaging forest, your London citizen of good estate has reproached his country's poets for not pouring out, succinctly and melodiously, his multitudinous larvæ of notions begotten by the scene. For there are times when he would have them sung ; and he feels them

big ; he thinks them human in their bulk ; they are Londinensian ; they want but form and fire to get them scored on the tablets of the quotable at festive boards. . . . Clouds of high colour above London City are as the light of the Goddess to lift the angry heroic head over human. They gloriously transfigure. A Murillo beggar is not more precious than sight of London in any of the streets admitting cloud-scenes ; the cunning of the sun's hand so speaks to us. And if haply down an alley some olive mechanic of street-organs has quickened little children's legs to rhythmic footing, they strike on thoughts braver than pastoral. . . . Open London as a theme, to a citizen of London ardent for the clear air out of it, you have roused an orator ; you have certainly fired a magazine, and must listen to his reminiscences of one of its paragraphs or pages.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THAMES

THAMES, infant Thames,
Rippling, flowing
Water-white,
Where the bright
Young wilding gems
Are blowing ;
Babbling ever in unrest,
While as o'er her darling's pillow
Bends the mother, so the willow
O'er thy breast.

Thames, maiden Thames,
Glancing, shining

PUTNEY BRIDGE

Silver-blue ;
While for you
The lilied stems
Are pining.
Ah ! thou lovest best to play
Slily with the wanton swallow,
While he whispers thee to follow
Him away.

Thames, matron Thames,
That ebbest back
From the sea ;
Oh ! in thee
There are emblems
Of life's track :
We, too, would, like thee, regain,
If we might, our greener hours ;
We, too, mourn our vanished flowers,
But in vain.

ALEXANDER HUME BUTLER.

ON A GROTTO NEAR THE THAMES AT TWICKENHAM

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow :
Approach. Great nature studiously behold !
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach : but awful ! Lo the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought ;

Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread the sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor.

ALEXANDER POPE.

MERRY LONDON

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame:
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case;
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE FAIR AND GOODLY THAMES

But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage prest
(That found how with his strength his beauties still increased,

From where brave Windsor stood on tiptoe to behold
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he could,
With kingly houses crowned, of more than earthly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue,
Where Oatlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth view,
Then Westminster the next great Thames doth entertain ;
That vaunts her palace large, and her most sumptuous fane :
The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for hers,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers within so little space
The all-beholding sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies,
Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies ;
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show,
As do the bristling reeds within his banks that grow.
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-pestered shores,
His bosom overspread with shoals of labouring oars :
With that most costly bridge that doth him most renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOBLE THAMES

THIS noble navigable river flows, and fills her channels twice every natural day, by the flux and reflux of the sea, which holdeth on for the space of seventy miles within the main land. . . . Touching the care of the River of Thames, it is most proper for the City of London, who lies perpetually by her bed's side, and therefore in a fit posture to be watchful of her: for which vigilance the Thames rewards her abundantly, by bringing her in the Spices of the South, the Jewels of the East, and the Treasure of the West, insomuch that it may be well said, this office of conservatorship, or superintendency of so Noble and useful a river, is as a fair flower, or rich Jewel, in the Cap of maintenance. This famous river, taking all her advantages together, surpassing all other whatsoever, that pay tribute to the ocean, if you regard the straightness of her course, the stillness of her stream, for her proportionable latitude; as also her length, for she comes sporting along from her first source, above nine-score miles before she embosoms her self in the Arms of Neptune. . . . And then in her entrance to the sea, she opens upon France and Flanders, having them both in her eye; besides, she hath another advantageous property, that to the knowing Native, the entrance into the River is safe and easie, but difficult and hazardous to strangers, either to come in, or go out; insomuch, that the Thames may be said to be London's best friend, which puts me in mind of a passage of drollery that happened in the time of King James, who being displeased with the City, because she would not lend him such a sum of money, and the Lord Mayor and

the Aldermen attending him one day, being somewhat transported, he said, that he would remove his own Court, with all the records of the Tower, and the Courts of Westminster-Hall, to another place, with further expressions of his indignation. The Lord Mayor calmly heard all, and at last answered, 'Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your City of London will obey accordingly: *but she humbly desires, that when your Majesty shall remove your Courts, you would please to leave the Thames behind you.*'

JAMES HOWELL.

THE THAMES

Let the Rhine be blue and bright
In its path of liquid light,
Where the red grapes fling a beam
Of glory on the stream;
Let the gorgeous beauty there
Mingle all that's rich and fair;
Yet to me it ne'er could be
Like that river great and free,
The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Though it bear no azure wave,
Though no pearly foam may lave
Or leaping cascades pour
Their rainbows on its shore;
Yet I ever loved to dwell
Where I heard its gushing swell,
And never skimmed its breast
But I warmly praised and blest
The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Can ye find in all the world
A braver flag unfurled
Than that which floats above
The stream I sing and love ?
O, what a burning glow
Has thrilled my breast and brow,
To see that proud flag come
With glory to its home,
The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Did ribs more firm and fast
E'er meet the shot or blast
Than the gallant barks that glide
On its full and steady tide ?
Would ye seek a dauntless crew
With hearts to dare and hands to do ?
You'll find the foe proclaims
They are cradled on the Thames ;
The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

They say the mountain child
Oft loves its torrent wild
So well, that should he part
He breaks his pining heart ;
He grieves with smothered sighs
Till his wearying spirit dies ;
And so I yearn to thee,
Thou river of the free,
My own, my native Thames !

ELIZA COOK

LONDON : A PAGEANT OF SUNSET

It was the evening of the longest day in all the year. For once the occasion—which is too often neglected—

was recognized and honoured. There had been ordered, at the Weather Office, a day of sky so cloudless and blue, with sunshine so warm and air so soft, that all the Italian organ-grinders fell faint and sick with nostalgia, and sat down on the kerb while the women did the work for them: and those strangers who were newly arrived from New York, Melbourne, Paris, or St. Petersburg, asked if this was truly the City of Perpetual Fog. . . .

About a quarter-past eight on this day a young man was leaning over the wooden wall of the old, first and original—for many years the only—Embankment, called Bank Side, watching the river and the City on the other side. . . . He had before his eyes quite the most magnificent spectacle that the world affords. Owing to the sins of London, this splendid show is seldom indeed vouchsafed: and no man is informed beforehand, not even the Meteorological Prophet, when it is going to be performed. Again, the places where one can get a really fine view of it are so few and for the most part so inaccessible—who knoweth, for instance, the way from Piccadilly to Bank Side?—that the greater number are hindered even if they wished to assist at the representation. And lastly, the time for which the Pageant is fixed is, during the summer, inconveniently connected with the dinner-hour. For all these reasons there is never any crowd to see the Show, and the newspapers never send a reporter. Yet those who have been privileged to behold it go about for the rest of their lives declaring that there is no place like London for such a Spectacle; that the mist and moisture of the air cause the colours to be more splendid, and their infinite variety and change more wonderful, than in

any other spot upon the world: and that no Transformation Scene was ever presented to an audience, even at the Lane, which can compare with the effects produced by Nature's own scene-painter. They are simple and massive, yet they are continually varying; there are no colours known to the artist like unto those which show in the West for a moment and then pass into something different yet as beautiful: no pigment was ever yet made which could represent them: they have no name: they have never been imitated in silk, satin, jute, flax, or cloth of gold: and as they vary and change from one moment to the next, advancing in splendour as the sun sinks lower, they form such a pageant as would bring tears to the eyes of the oldest Academician if he ever saw it—but he does not, being entirely occupied with the painting of portraits. The sight and splendour of it would also cause the most conceited young poet, if he ever did see it—but he does not, being occupied wholly with Society—to creep softly and limply out of the press, and away from the company of man, for fear he should be asked to describe these glories in immortal verse.

Where the young man stood, if he looked down the river he could see, close at hand, Southwark Bridge, and beyond it, the ugly railway bridge running into the ugly railway station: both together shut out the view of all that lay beyond—London Bridge and Tower and the masts of the ships in the Pool. Even the splendid sunset cannot make the Cannon Street terminus beautiful. But if he looked up the river, he saw first, Blackfriars Bridge, standing out with sharp, clear lines, as if cut out of black cardboard; above it, the dazzling golden light of the western sky;

and below it, the broad bosom of the river at the flood. The waters of the river, which under the grey sky of a cloudy day are as brown as the waters of the Arno, and even under the bluest sky of midday lack the brightness of the Tyne and the sparkle of the Usk, now reflected back the wonders of the evening, and were themselves as splendid as the skies above. Then he looked across the river. Immediately opposite rose the pile of St. Paul's, vast and majestic—Bank Side is now the only place where you have a really good view of St. Paul's. On either side of St. Paul's rose in lesser glory the spire of St. Bride, the Dragon of Bow, the pinnacles of Aldermarie, the Tower of St. Michael's, and I know not how many more of Wren's masterpieces; for though the Great Fire destroyed many churches which were not rebuilt, and though modern barbarians have pulled down many more, London is still a City of Churches. . . .

Below him, floating bravely on the flood, were moored the broad barges which now, for their number and their goodliness, make the glory of Bank Side. Not one or two are here, but fifty or sixty or a hundred, if you were to count, all of generous tonnage and capacity not to be guessed. There were, this evening, so many of them that they extended even more than half-way across the river. Some had masts and brown canvas sails, now furled, ready to drop down as far as the Nore, if necessary: all were painted gaily with streaks of red, blue, yellow, and green: some were empty and waiting for their freight: some were laden, and these seemed to be carrying away all the worthless jetsam of the City. . . .

And on all these things alike—for the sun, whether

the sun in Splendour, or the sun at his setting, knows no differences and hath no favourites—on the Dome and upper windows of the Ball and Cross of Paul's, on the Dragon of Bow, on the spires and weather-cocks and chimney-pots: on the warehouses, which in the white light of noon make but a dingy show, on the clumsy barges with their brown sails, lay the splendour of the sunset, so that all was illuminated and transformed: the spires were flames of fire: the Towers belonged to some Castle of Phantasy: the warehouses were of precious marble, all purple and crimson, or veined and streaked with colour, grander than any palaces of Venice: the barges were ships of fairyland: and the river, reflecting the glory of the sky, rolled along in a broad and glowing flood finer even than the Grande Canale when the Italian sunset lies upon its waters and paints its marble stairs. For the sun of Italy is not so soft, and under the sky of Italy there lack the mists which in England assume such depths and charm of colour.

'Yesterday,' said the young man, 'it was all so gloomy and grey that it made one tremble and shudder. To-day it is transformed. Oh! it is like some poet's visions.'

He was, for his part, neither painter nor poet: he had no knowledge, save from books, of Venice and its palaces; therefore he could not make the comparison. There was nothing like Thames above bridge in the city of his birth or in the country to which he belonged.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

LONDON FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

September 3rd, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at its own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BALLAD OF LONDON BRIDGE

This very popular old song is a metrical illustration of the connection of the River Lee and London Bridge; its scattered history is difficult to trace.

LONDON BRIDGE is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down.
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

GAMMAR GURTON'S GARLAND.

THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
  And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
  Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
  It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
  Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
  On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
  Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
  Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
  Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
  Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
  And the old subdued and slow !

And for ever and for ever,
  As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
  As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
  And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
  And its wavering image here.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SPHINX

On the Thames Embankment, London

. . . Sphinx, in the light of the summer moon!
Not on the desert sands, with lions roaring around her,
Seeking their timid prey in pools of the bright moon-rise,
But here, by the glimmering Thames, in silence of dreams profounder,
Crouches the Shape of Stone, wingèd, with wondrous eyes! . . .

Older than Night and Day, older than Death, she re-maineth!
Still, tho' New Rome is astir! Calm, tho' the Tempest complaineth!
Ancient of days she was crouching like this ere Christ was created!
Watching the things that are fled, seeing the things that are fated;
Speechless, impotent, wise; pitiless, silent, and certain;
Seeing some Shape that is stirring yonder beyond Night's curtain;
Conscious, perchance, of the Sea of Eternity, blindly breaking
Over this Rock of a World, on to the space without spheres. . . .

Let me front the Sphinx for only another minute,
Now when the City sleeps, and the River is mother-o'-pearl'd:
Then hey for the hansom home, two lovers nestling within it,
The joy of Night, and to-morrow, the rush of the waking World!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe, and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

TOM HOOD

WESTMINSTER CHIMES

Though cities cannot charm the soul
With magic of greenly gloomed arcades,
Of Ocean's deep far-booming roll,
Of fields adream with sun, or shades
Slow stealing over the dewy lea,
Yet London lacks not poetry;
She has her voices, whose deep tones
Are human laughter and human moans,
And all her beauty, all her glory,
Spring from or blend with man's strange story.

Here, at the heart of England's life,
The centre of the tragic strife,
Pause a brief while with me, to hear
The chimes which are floating as sweet and clear,
Above the city's rush and roar,
As a wild bird's song by a lakelet's shore;
Sweet and sad is the song they are singing
At Westminster,
While the lusty sun his rays is flinging

On mountain and wood and shining sea,
On the butterfly and the gossamer,
And we stand here
By the Thames and its terrible mystery.

I.

Noon-tide ; the moted sunbeams rest
On the river's broad and burnished breast ;
The panting steamers hiss along,
The bridges bear a hurrying throng ;
A deep hoarse murmur, ever humming,
From factory, wharf, and yard is coming ;
In jostling street and crowded river
The heart of toil beats strong ; no shiver
Checks the warm pulse at its fullest beating
With myriad lives together meeting.

The dusk wave kisses the terraced wall
Of England's imperial senate-hall,
And sees the long-ranged towers massed
On its bosom awhile, as it loiters past,
And catches a glimpse of buttress hoary
Behind the palace's youthful strength,
Where the massive minster rears its glory
As if it scorned the centuries' length ;
The slender clock-tower rises high
In the dreamy blue of the smoke-dimmed sky,
And from its lofty summit springs
The sweet-voiced hour on flitting wings.

. . . . .

II.

Now the sinking sun with glory
Touches all the city vast,
The hallowed haunts of England's story,

Hoary symbols of the past ;
It gilds to-day's fresh masonry,
Tips the home-returning mast,
Fires above a misty sea
Paul's cross, rose-red, but paling fast,
A million lights flash out below,
While the palace chimes fall sweet and slow.

. . . . .

III.

Black is interstellar space,
Where myriad worlds unvisioned wheel,
The city hides her guilty face
In luminous mist, but here the case
Of cloud is pierced where tall shafts steal
Aloft, and stain with ruddy trace
The brow of night,
And here, alight,
The palace clock is chiming sweet
Till twelve strokes mark Time's flying feet.

. . . . .

IV.

Now at last the city slumbers,
All the echoing streets are still ;
They whom labour daily cumbers,
They who all day have their will,
Motionless, in countless numbers,
Drink of quiet's healing rill ;
Scarce they breathe, such deep repose
Seals those myriad living eyes ;
Now the scholar nothing knows,
Now the dreaming fool is wise ;
Helpless lies the man whose word
One hour since changed England's fate,
And the vagrant has not stirred,

Couched beneath the shadowed gate ;
Now the mourner's tears are dry,
Now the captive knows no chain ;
Lovers, fresh in wedlock's tie,
Dream their lives apart again ;
Harmless now as babe at breast
Lies the murderer at rest ;
Only some late reveller's foot
Staggering wakes the echoes lone,
Or the watcher's heavy boot
Rhythmic treads the weary stone ;
Save when fiery tongues, aflare,
Leap and lick the lurid sky,
Helmèd heroes in the glare
Rush with rattling engines by :
Then the wakened, startled street
Fills with cries and hurrying feet ;
Daring deeds and scenes of woe
Then the fierce flames' lustre show.

But now a silence deep
As death
Holds all these souls in sleep,
When a breath
Like a shudder passes by,
There's a gleam in the eastern sky,
The pall of mist and smoke
Is crimsoned by the stroke
Of a ray,
And, as if a spell now broke,
Rolls away,
And the wakeful chimes are ringing
And with rhythm sweet are bringing
One more day.

MAXWELL GRAY.

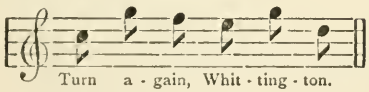
BOW BELLS

'Oh lord! here are doings, here are vagaries! I'll run mad. I'll climb Bow steeple presently, bestride the dragon and preach . . . to the whole city.'—OTWAY, 1681.

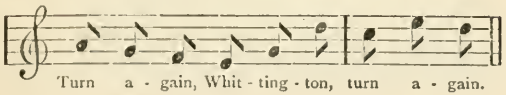
WHAT a host of historic memories throng to one's brain if whilst walking down Cheapside we catch sight of the golden dragon crowning its tower, or are heard, as if muffled, the chimes of Mary-le-Bow, sounding above the roar of London at its deepest. Bow Bells—there is music in the very name of this church, one of Wren's masterpieces, and which present fane replaces that devoured by the great fire. Bow Church, standing as it does in London's most historic street, is synonymous of London's splendour, London's greatness, London's wealth. What events, too, this street has known by virtue of its close proximity to the Guildhall and the Mansion House—the meccas of royal pageants and civic processions. To-day if we pause beneath the tower of Bow Church we may still hear that old 'citie tune' whose melody originated with Lord Mayor Dick Whittington:

At the first quarter:

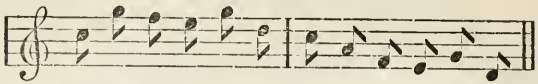
At the half-hour:



At the third quarter:



At the hour comes the completed form :



ANON.

BOW BELLS

At the brink of a murmuring brook
A contemplative Cockney reclined ;
And his face wore a sad sort of look,
As if care were at work on his mind.
He sigh'd now and then as we sigh
When the heart with soft sentiment swells ;
And a tear came and moisten'd each eye
As he mournfully thought of Bow Bells.

I am monarch of all I survey !
(Thus he vented his feelings in words)
But my kingdom, it grieves me to say,
Is inhabited chiefly by birds.
In this brook that flows lazily by
I believe that *one* tittlebat dwells,
For I saw something jump at a fly
As I lay here and long'd for Bow Bells.

Yonder cattle are grazing—it's clear
From the bob of their heads up and down ;—
But I cannot love cattle down here
As I should if I met them in town.
Poets say that each pastoral breeze
Bears a melody laden with spells ;
But I don't find the music in these
That I find in the tone of Bow Bells.

I am partial to trees, as a rule ;
And the rose is a beautiful flower.
(Yes, I once read a ballad at school
Of a rose that was wash'd in a shower.)
But, although I may dote on the rose,
I can scarcely believe that it smells
Quite so sweet in the bed where it grows
As when sold within sound of Bow Bells.

No ; I've tried it in vain once or twice,
And I've thoroughly made up my mind
That the country is all very nice—
But I'd much rather mix with my kind.
Yes ; to-day—if I meet with a train—
I will fly from these hills and these dells ;
And to-night I will sleep once again
(Happy thought !) within sound of Bow Bells.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LONDON CHIMES

'Oranges and lemons,'
Say the bells of St. Clement's
'Lend me five farthings,'
Say the bells of St. Martin's,
'When will you pay me ?'
Say the bells of Old Bailey,
'When I am rich,'
Say the bells of Shoreditch,
'When will that be ?'
Say the bells of Stepney,
'I'm sure I don't know,'
Says the big bell of Bow.

'Oranges and lemons,'
Say the bells of St. Clements.

When the body is busy with work of an automatic nature that makes scarcely any demand on the mind,

it is not a little singular to what extent monotonous sounds, more particularly bells, will sympathetically respond to the surroundings, and lend a rhythm to the occupation.

St. Clement's Church, Eastcheap, in the Ward of Candlewick, situate in the vicinity of London Bridge, is now, and for many centuries has been, in the centre of the dried-fruit trade. At almost any time of the year, as the traveller passes over London Bridge from the South, he may see scores of London porters, with the characteristic porter's knot over their shoulders, busily employed as a colony of ants, carrying from the steamers to the quay innumerable boxes of oranges and lemons. And, as hour after hour, they toil up the ladders with the loads on their shoulders, one can quite understand how in the sound of the neighbouring bells they would hear nought but the monotonous refrain :

'Oranges and lemons,
Oranges and lemons,
Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St. Clement's.

. . . . .

'Lend me five farthings,'
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Previous to A.D. 1229, when Pope Gregory IX. sent his Lombards to England to open up usury depots for lending money to convents, communities, and private persons, St. Martin's Lane, City, was the natural home of the money-lender and bill discounter. In the lines may be read the disappointment of the needy merchant, whose vain endeavour to melt his little bit of paper had probably met with the rebuff of the money-lender, 'I won't lend you five farthings,' and as he slowly retraces his steps up the lane, little

wonder the jangling of the bells re-echo the refrain that is uppermost in his mind :

'Lend me five farthings,
Lend me five farthings,
Lend me five farthings,' say the bells of St. Martin's.

. . . . .

'When will you pay me ?'
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

Here our author grows pathetic. The exigencies of rhyme compel the selection of the name of the street, in lieu of the particular church, which, in this case, we are left to conjecture. . . . The generation is rapidly passing that is cognizant of the debt of gratitude due to Charles Dickens, whose writings assisted in removing from the Statute Book the Act permitting imprisonment for debt. Embodied in the refrain lies a deep strain of pathos in the idea of the poor debtor incarcerated in the 'Fleet' for a debt he may never hope to pay, hearing in the neighbouring bells of the Old Bailey nought but the continuous dun of his creditor :

'When will you pay me ?
When will you pay me ?
When will you pay me ?' say the bells of Old Bailey.

. . . . .

'When I am rich,'
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

The lines are satirical. Popular legend ascribes the origin of *Shoreditch* to the historical and tragic Jane Shore, who, equally legendary, was supposed to have perished in a ditch from hunger and neglect. But Jane Shore lived to be a very old woman, was alive in the time of Sir Thomas More, and survived her good looks a great many years. . . .

The leading characteristic of the Manor of Shore-

ditch was its poverty. And this is the point of the satire:

'When I am rich,
When I am rich,
When *I* am rich,' say the bells of Shoreditch.

. . . . .

'When will that be?'
Say the bells of Stepney.

The satire of the Shoreditch bells evokes the sarcasm of those of Stepney; sarcasm, probably common to all the City districts, but which is left for Stepney to voice. Though a near neighbour, Stepney, unlike Shoreditch, was a rising, thriving suburb of shipchandlers doing a fine riverside business in supplying the multifarious articles that go to the making of up a ship's stores. Neither too rich to ignore, nor too poor to care to be closely associated with its needy neighbour, Stepney voices the sarcastic inquiry:

'When will that be?
When will that be?
When will that be?' say the bells of Stepney.

. . . . .

'I'm sure I don't know,'
Says the big bell of Bow.

As one of the least important of London districts is made to ask the question, the richest of all of them is selected to reply to it. And there is in that reply just a suspicion of snobbishness:

'I'm sure I don't know,
'I'm sure I don't know,
I'm sure I don't know,' says the big bell of Bow.

J. H. MITCHINER, F.R.A.S.

A FEW LONDON MEMORIES

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.'

GEORGE ELIOT

THE ARMADA

THE sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke. . . .
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.

LORD MACAULAY.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, JUNE 22, 1897

(On the pavement at the foot of the steps of St. Paul's a square stone bears this inscription : 'Here Queen Victoria returned thanks to Almighty God for the sixtieth anniversary of her Accession, June 22, A.D. 1897.')

HER court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

50 WIMPOLE STREET

(*At this house were received from Robert Browning, and from this house were sent by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, the famous love-letters. The following is a portion of the last letter sent by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett in connection with her marriage with Robert Browning.*)

FRIDAY NIGHT,
September 19, 1846.

AT from half-past three to four, then—four will not, I suppose, be too late. I will not write more—*I cannot.* By to-morrow at this time, I shall have *you* only, to love me—my beloved!

You *only!* As if one said *God only.* And we shall have *Him* beside, I pray of Him. . . .

Your letters to me I take with me, let the 'ounces' cry out aloud, ever so. I *tried* to leave them, and I could not. That is, they would not be left: it was not my fault—I will not be scolded.

Is this my last letter to you, ever dearest? Oh—if I loved you less . . a little, little less.

Why I should tell you that our marriage was invalid, or ought to be; and that you should by no means come for me to-morrow. It is dreadful . . dreadful

. . to have to give pain here by a voluntary act—for the first time in my life. . . .

Do you pray for me to-night, Robert? Pray for me, and love me, that I may have courage.

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors, another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change
That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove,
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within, the wet wings of thy dove.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

67 Wimpole Street

(*Here lived the friend of Tennyson, whose death inspired the poet to write 'In Memoriam.'*)

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here : but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

TURNER'S BOYHOOD

Maiden Lane, Covent Garden

(*J. M. W. Turner was born here, April 23, 1775.*)

Near the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate ; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled, in this year (1860), with a row of bottles, connected, in some defunct manner, with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never certainly a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies ; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded

similarly on shoebuckles and wigs;—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

'Bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello': of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep furrowed cabbage-leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift: who, such as they are, loves them—never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon—by Thames' shore we will die.

With such circumstance round him in youth, let us note what necessary effects followed upon the boy. . . . Consequently, he attaches himself with the faithfullest child-love to everything that bears an image of the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is—has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure uglinesses which no one else, of the same

sensibility, would have borne with for an instant Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity—anything fishy and muddy, like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market, had great attraction for him ; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog.

You will find these tolerations and affections guiding or sustaining him to the last hour of his life ; the notablest of all such endurances being that of dirt. No Venetian ever draws anything foul ; but Turner devoted picture after picture to the illustration of effects of dinginess, smoke, soot, dust, and dusty texture ; old sides of boats, weedy roadside vegetation, dung-hills, straw-yards, and all the soilings and stains of every common labour.

And more than this, he not only could endure, but enjoyed and looked for *litter*, like Covent Garden wreck after the market. His pictures are often full of it, from side to side ; their foregrounds differ from all others in the natural way that things have of lying about in them. Even his richest vegetation, in ideal work, is confused ; and he delights in shingle, débris, and heaps of fallen stones. . . . The second great result of this Covent Garden training was, understanding of and regard for the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised ; whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved—understood. He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets ; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew, in good and evil, what both classes thought of, and how they dealt with, each other.

Reynolds and Gainsborough, bred in country vil-

lages, learned there the country boy's reverential theory of 'the squire,' and kept it. They painted the squire and the squire's lady as centres of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives. But Turner perceived the younger squire in other aspects about his lane, occurring prominently in its night scenery, as a dark figure, or one of two, against the moonlight. He saw also the working of city commerce, from endless warehouse, towering over Thames, to the back shop in the lane, with its stale herrings—highly interesting these last; one of his father's best friends, whom he often afterwards visited affectionately at Bristol, being a fishmonger and glue-boiler; which gives us a friendly turn of mind towards herring-fishing, whaling, Calais poissardes, and many other of our choicest subjects in after life; all this being connected with that mysterious forest below London Bridge on one side; and, on the other, with these masses of human power and national wealth which weigh upon us, at Covent Garden here, with strange compression, and crush us into narrow Hand Court.

'That mysterious forest below London Bridge'—better for the boy than wood of pine, or grove of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring, and clambering—these the only quite beautiful things he can see in all the world, except the sky; but these, when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably;

which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures—red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gun-whales, true knights, over their castle parapets—the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London world. And Trafalgar happening long before we can draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current stories out of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show Nelson's funeral streaming up the Thames ; and vow that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished—once, with all our might, for its death ; twice, with all our might, for its victory ; thrice, in pensive farewell to the old Temeraire, and, with it, to that order of things.

Now this fond companying with sailors must have divided his time, it appears to me, pretty equally between Covent Garden and Wapping (allowing for incidental excursions to Chelsea on one side, and Greenwich on the other), which time he would spend pleasantly, but not magnificently, being limited in pocket-money, and leading a kind of 'Poor-Jack' life on the river.

In some respects, no life could be better for a lad. But it was not calculated to make his ear fine to the niceties of language, nor form his moralities on an entirely regular standard. Picking up his first scraps of vigorous English chiefly at Deptford and in the markets, and his first ideas of female tenderness and beauty among nymphs of the barge and the barrow, another boy might, perhaps, have become what people usually term 'vulgar.' But the original make and frame of Turner's mind being not vulgar, but as nearly as possible a combination of the minds of Keats and Dante, joining capricious waywardness,

CHELSEA COTTAGES

and intense openness to every fine pleasure of sense, and hot defiance of formal precedent, with a quite infinite tenderness, generosity, and desire of justice and truth—this kind of mind did not become vulgar, but very tolerant of vulgarity, even fond of it in some forms ; and, on the outside, visibly infected by it, deeply enough ; the curious result, in its combination of elements, being to most people wholly incomprehensible. It was as if a cable had been woven of blood-crimson silk, and then tarred on the outside. People handled it, and the tar came off on their hands ; red gleams were seen through the black, underneath, at the places where it had been strained. Was it ochre ?—said the world—or red lead ?

Schooled thus in manners, literature, and general moral principles at Chelsea and Wapping, we have finally to inquire concerning the most important point of all. We have seen the principal differences between this boy and Giorgione, as respects sight of the beautiful, understanding of poverty, of commerce, and of order of battle ; then follows another cause of difference in our training—not slight—the aspect of religion, namely, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. I say the aspect ; for that was all the lad could judge by. Disposed, for the most part, to learn chiefly by his eyes, in this special matter he finds there is really no other way of learning. His father taught him ' to lay one penny upon another.' Of mother's teaching, we hear of none ; of parish pastoral teaching, the reader may guess how much. . . .

I suppose the boy Turner to have regarded the religion of his city also from an external intellectual standing-point.

What did he see in Maiden Lane ?

Let not the reader be offended with me; I am willing to let him describe, at his own pleasure, what Turner saw there; but to me, it seems to have been this. A religion maintained occasionally, even the whole length of the lane, at point of constable's staff; but, at other times, placed under the custody of the beadle, within certain black and unstately iron railings of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Among the wheelbarrows and over the vegetables, no perceptible dominance of religion; in the narrow, disquieted streets, none; in the tongues, deeds, daily ways of Maiden Lane, little. Some honesty, indeed, and English industry, and kindness of heart, and general idea of justice; but faith, of any national kind, shut up from one Sunday to the next, not artistically beautiful even in those Sabbatical exhibitions; its paraphernalia being chiefly of high pews, heavy elocution, and cold grimness of behaviour. . . .

For the rest, this religion seems to him discreditable—discredited—not believing in itself; putting forth its authority in a cowardly way, watching how far it might be tolerated, continually shrinking, disclaiming, fencing, finessing; divided against itself, not by stormy rents, but by thin fissures, and splittings of plaster from the walls. Not to be either obeyed, or combated, by an ignorant, yet clear-sighted youth; only to be scorned. And scorned not one whit the less, though also the dome dedicated to *it* looms high over distant winding of the Thames; as St. Mark's campanile rose, for goodly landmark, over mirage of lagoon. For St. Mark ruled over life; the Saint of London over death; St. Mark over St. Mark's Place, but St. Paul over St. Paul's Churchyard.

Under these influences pass away the first reflective

hours of life, with such conclusion as they can reach. In consequence of a fit of illness, he was taken —I cannot ascertain in what year—to live with an aunt, at Brentford; and here, I believe, received some schooling, which he seems to have snatched vigorously; getting knowledge, at least by translation, of the more picturesque classical authors, which he turned presently to use. . . . Hence also, walks about Putney and Twickenham in the summer-time acquainted him with the look of English meadow-ground in its restricted states of paddock and park; and with some round-headed appearances of trees, and stately entrances to houses of mark: the avenue at Bushey, and the iron gates and carved pillars of Hampton, impressing him apparently with great awe and admiration; so that in after life his little country house is—of all places in the world—at Twickenham! Of swans and reedy shores he now learns the soft motion and the green mystery, in a way not to be forgotten.

And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor, and cloud.

Loveliness at last. It is here, then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills.

Beauty, and freedom, and peace; and yet another teacher, graver than these. Sound preaching at last here, in Kirkstall crypt, concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies, instead of priests' vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little, fitfully, by the evening wind, deep-scented from the meadow thyme.

Consider deeply the import to him of this, his first sight of ruin, and compare it with the effect of the architecture that was around Giorgione. There were indeed aged buildings, at Venice, in his time, but none in decay. All ruin was removed, and its place filled as quickly as in our London; but filled always by architecture loftier and more wonderful than that whose place it took, the boy himself happy to work upon the walls of it; so that the idea of the passing away of the strength of men and beauty of their works never could occur to him sternly. Brighter and brighter the cities of Italy had been rising and broadening on hill and plain, for three hundred years. He saw only strength and immortality, could not but paint both; conceived the form of man as deathless, calm with power, and fiery with life.

Turner saw the exact reverse of this. In the present work of men, meanness, aimlessness, unsightliness:

thin-walled, lath-divided, narrow-garreted houses of clay ; booths of a darksome Vanity Fair, busily base.

. . . . .

This was the sight which opened on the young eyes, this the watchword sounding within the heart of Turner in his youth.

So taught, and prepared for his life's labour, sate the boy at last alone among his fair English hills ; and began to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft white clouds of heaven.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BLAKE

(*William Blake, artist, mystic, and poet, lived at* 28 *Poland Street.*)

THE portrait of Blake betokens in the large, prominent, beaming eye a powerful mind, audacious and original—consciously original at all hazards. There was once nobility in the fine forehead, and there is still strength in the chin. The other features are those of a gossiping old woman. Intolerance, confusion, childish impatience sit between the wrinkled eyebrows, pucker the stubby nose, and pout in the petulant and garrulous mouth. It is an utterly reckless and abandoned face ; the debauch of imagination pursued for years without restraint, with no law or licence except the craving for cerebral excitement, even though followed in the loftiest region the human intelligence can attain, seems in the case of the physically temperate and chaste Blake to have had the same effect on his features as is commonly ascribed to a course of sensuality. Impatience was Blake's

chief characteristic: in respect of it he did verge on madness; it kept him ignorant, incompetent, poor—at the mercy of the Cromeks and the Hayleys. On the one side it held him grovelling on the level of Joanna Southcote; on the other it enabled him to touch the hem of Shakespeare's garment, and the hand of Michaelangelo. A most extraordinary being! He would not be tamed or taught. In his infancy his father gave up the task as hopeless; in his fourth year he saw men like trees walking, or at least a tree full of angels; and when he came to man's estate, there was nobody to purge his eyes. He imprisoned himself in his imagination, and became a mystic and system-monger; with him thought and language grew one with the thing thought and spoken of: figures of speech hardened into articles of faith. If you can imagine the eccentric and miraculous motions possible to a human being enabled to move about the world without having to bear the weight of the atmosphere, you have a material notion of Blake the mystic, bearing no weight of learning and knowledge, and so performing fantastic evolutions at which men laugh and the angels weep. The mystic will soon be forgotten; not so soon the sweet, keen singer whose songs are dew and light.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;

Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, ' In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried
' Though gods they were, as men they died !'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

WHERE shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore. . . .
Man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more. . . .
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE PRAISE OF LONDON

London ; that great sea whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Yet in its depths what treasures !

SHELLEY.

The citye of London that is to me so dere and sweete, in which I was forth growen ; and more kindely love have I to that place than to any other in yerth.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A BALLAD OF LONDON

Ah, London ! London ! our delight,
Great flower that opens but at night,
Great City of the Midnight Sun,
Whose day begins when day is done.

Lamp after lamp against the sky
Opens a sudden beaming eye,
Leaping alight on either hand
The iron lilies of the Strand.

Like dragon flies, the hansoms hover,
With jewelled eyes, to catch the lover ;
The streets are full of lights and loves,
Soft gowns, and flutter of nocturnal doves.

The human moths about the light
Dash and cling close in dazed delight,
And burn and laugh, the world and wife,
For this is London, this is life !

Upon thy petals butterflies,
But at thy root, some say, there lies
A world of weeping trodden things,
Poor worms that have not eyes or wings.

From out corruption of their woe
Springs this bright flower that charms us so ;
Men die and rot deep out of sight
To keep this jungle flower bright.

Paris and London, World Flowers twain
Wherewith the World Tree blooms again,
Since Time hath gathered Babylon,
And withered Rome still withers on.

Sidon and Tyre were such as ye—
How bright they shone upon the Tree !
But Time hath gathered, both are gone,
And no man sails to Babylon.

Ah, London ! London ! our delight,
For thee, too, eternal night ;
And Circe Paris hath no charm
To stay Time's unrelenting arm.

Time and his moths shall eat up all ;
Your chiming towers, proud and tall,
He shall most utterly abase,
And set a desert in their place.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

LOVELY LONDON

Lo, lovely London, rich and fortunate,
Fam'd through the world for peace and happiness,
Is here advanc'd and set in highest seat,
Beautified throughly as her state requires !
First, over her a princely trophy stands,
Of beaten gold, a rich and royal arms,
Whereto this London evermore bequeaths
Service of honour and of loyalty.
Her props are well-advisèd magistrates,
That carefully attend her person still.
The honest franklin and the husbandman
Lays down his sacks of corn at London's feet,

And brings such presents as the country yields.
The pleasant Thames, a sweet and dainty nymph,
For London's good conveys, with gentle stream,
And safe and easy passage, what she can,
And keeps her leaping fishes in her lap.
The soldier and the sailor, frankly both,
For London's aid, are all in readiness,
To venture and to fight by land and sea.
And this thrice-ventured, honourable dame,
Science, the sap of every commonwealth,
Surnam'd mechanical or liberal,
Is vow'd to honour London with her skill.
And London, by these friends so happy made,
First thanks her God, the author of her peace,
And next with humble gesture, as becomes,
In meek and lowly manner doth she yield
Herself, her wealth, with heart and willingness,
Unto the person of her gracious Queen,
Elizabeth, renown'd through all the world,
Stall'd and anointed by the highest power,
The God of kings, that with His holy hand
Hath long defended her and her Engländ.
This now remains, right honourable lord,*
That carefully you do attend and keep
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen
Hath put your honour lovingly in trust,
That you may add to London's dignity,
And London's dignity may add to yours,
That worthily you may be counted one
Among the number of a many more
Careful lieutenants, careful magistrates,
For London's welfare and her worthiness.

GEORGE PEELE.

* Woolstone Dioci, Lord Mayor, 1585.

LONDON: THE ONLY REAL PLACE

LONDON is the only *real* place in the world. The cities turn towards London as young partridges run to their mother. The cities know that they are not real. They are only houses and wharves, and bricks and stucco; only outside. The minds of all men in them, merchants, artists, thinkers, are bent on London. Thither they go as soon as they can. San Francisco thinks London; so does St. Petersburg. . . . The heart of the world is in London, and the cities with the simulacrum of men in them are empty. They are moving images only; stand here, and you are real.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE FLOWER OF CITIES

LONDON, thou art of towns *A per se.*
Soveraign of cities, semeliest in sight,
Of high renown, riches, and royaltie;
Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knyght;
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright;
Of famous prelates in habits clerical;
Of merchants full of substance and might.
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Gladdith anon thou lusty Troynovaunt,
Citie that some time cleped was New Troy,
In all the earth, imperial as thou stant,
Princess of towns, of pleasure and of joy,
A richer resteth under no Christian roy;
For manly power, with craftis naturall,
Fourmeth none fairer sith the flood of Noy:
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Gemme of all joy, jasper and jocunditie,
Most mighty carbuncle of vertue and valour,
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie;
Of royal cities rose and geraflower;
Empress of towns, exalt in honour:
In beautie berying the crown imperial;
Sweet paradise, precelling in pleasure;
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Above all rivers thy River hath renown,
Whose beryl streams, pleasant and preclare,
Under thy lusty walls runneth down,
Where many a swan doth swim with wingis fair;
Where many a barge doth sail, and row with are,
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royal.
O! town of towns, patrone and not compare:
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Under thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
Been merchauntis full royal to behold;
Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knyght
(Arrayit) in velvet gownes and chains of gold.
By Julius Cæsar thy Tour founded of old
May be the Hous of Mars victoryall,
Whose artillary with tongue may not be told:
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Strong be thy walls that about thee stand;
Wise be thy people that within thee dwell;
Fresh is thy river with his lusty strand;
Blithe be thy churches, wele sownying thy bells;
Rich be thy merchants in substance that excels;
Fair be thy wives, right lovesome, white and small;
Clere be thy virgins, lusty under kellis:
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Thy famous Mayor, by princely governance,
With sword of justice he ruleth prudently.
No Lord of Paris, Venice, or Florence
In dignity or honour goeth to him nigh.
He is exampler, load-star, and guye,
Principal patron and roose orygynalle,
Above all Mayors as master most worthy:
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE PRAISE OF LONDON

I SING the glory of Britannia's Isle,
Accomplished London. . . .
Now Spring, in many-coloured vest array'd,
And crowned with flowers, resumes her gentle reign,
While the refulgent sun, enamoured, views
From his meridian height, her smiling face.
Come, gentle Fancy, sweet seductive maid,
Syren beguiler of the poet's hours,
Come, and on airy pinions wing my way
To the warm fields that gird Augusta's towers,
Her palaces and fanes, where the same beam,
That gilds the gaudy minaret, unfolds
The opening flower, and spreads the verdant leaf.

. . . . .

O! for some portion of celestial fire,
To impart the transport which expands my breast,
Glows in my cheek, and sparkles in my eye,
Now I approach the city of my heart!
Thro' every vein the kindling rapture flows,
And images of joy successive glide,

Glowing with ardour o'er my ravished mind.
Lo ! as the dusky night with gradual step
Darkens the sky, with myriads of lamps,
Brilliant as those refulgent stars that deck
The vault of heaven, when their fair radiant queen,
The silver Cynthia, with Endymion sleeps,
Disperse the sullen gloom and a flood
Of dazzling light upon the splendid streets.

ANON. (1804).

AN IDEAL LONDON

LONDON is a City and Metropolis which has had a long history and in the course of that history has many times changed its character and aspect, and at this moment it still lives on and it still changes, and we may expect it to live on and to change through many generations of Englishmen yet to be born and many centuries of Time, and certainly to take on shapes and to respond to wants which this generation, so seemingly final and terminative in its aspirations, cannot so much as dream of. . . . London of to-day [is] a city already so immense and wonderful. To painter or to poet what indeed can be more wonderful than London ? It has not been made by man, and yet it is the work of man. Like a great language spoken by millions and for ever beating upon the shores of the ear, it has been made by man as he lived to satisfy the wants of the hour, of the moment ; and it now stretches to north and to south and to east and to west so that no *man*, but only the smoke-wreathed sun which rises upon it and sets, can at one view, and hardly the sun, see the limits of it anywhere.

But I am not either painter or poet, and I leave the beauty of London, the beauty of its sunsets, the beauty of its nights, the beauty of its incomparable river to those . . . The centre of life, the life of the Metropolis, is not in St. Paul's. The life which now is and the life which is fashioning the Metropolis of to-day is the life which throbs along the great thoroughfares of Oxford Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet Street, and the City; and there, where the modern life congests, gathering to a head before it again flows on and overflows, there, upon one of the most recently rearranged open spaces for the pauses of traffic, stand, to attract the eye of the beholder and to entrap him, what? two great newly erected Restaurants, a Theatre, a variety Pavilion, and in their midst——!

How singular that England, so to speak, should not have chosen precisely that site even now upon which to erect some great National Building expressive of some truly great national ideal, ennobling to the daily life of the people! . . .

I turn away from London as it is, to London as it might be—how different should be the aspect of a great imperial city, a city which is the centre of an imperial life the most extensive the world has ever seen. In such a city, there should be seen gathered together, grouped in the most expressive grandeur, dispersed with a sense of expansion, and held together by the METROPOLITAN IDEA, all the supreme functions of government, of knowledge, of creative art, of 'joy in widest commonalty spread'!

T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

OPULENT LONDON

Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pampered cities, sloth and lust
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievements of successful flight.
I do confess them nurseries of the arts,
In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.

Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touched by Reynolds a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much,
Each province of her art her equal care.

With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will
The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,

All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom and now girds a world ?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
As London,—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London ? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

WILLIAM COWPER.

POET-SHAPES

London, I take thee to a Poet's heart !
For those who seek, a Helicon thou art.
Let schoolboy Strephons bleat of flocks and fields,
Each street of thine a loftier Idyl yields ;
Fed by all life, and fann'd by every wind,
There burns the quenchless poetry—*Mankind !*
Yet not for me the Olympiad of the gay,
The reeking Season's dusty holiday :—
Soon as its summer pomp the mead assumes,
And Flora wanders through her world of blooms,
Vain the hot field-days of the vex'd debate,
When Sirius reigns. . . .
Far from Man's works, escaped to God's, I fly,
And breathe the luxury of a smokeless sky.
Me, the still ' London,' not the restless ' Town'
(The light plume fluttering o'er the helmèd crown),
Delights ;—for there, the grave Romance hath shed
Its hues ; and air grows solemn with the Dead.
If, where the Lord of Rivers parts the throng,
And eastward glides by buried halls along,
My steps are led, I linger, and restore
To the changed wave the poet-shapes of yore ;

See the gilt barge, and hear the fated king
Prompt the first mavis of our Minstrel Spring ;
Or mark, with mitred Nevile, the array
Of arms and craft alarm ' the Silent Way,'
The Boar of Gloucester, hungering, scents his prey !
Or, landward, trace, where thieves their festive hall
Hold by the dens of Law (worst thief of all !)
The antique Temple of the armèd Zeal
That wore the cross a mantle to the steel ;
Time's dreary void the kindling dream supplies,
The walls expand, the shadowy towers arise,
And forth, as when by Richard's lion side,
For Christ and Fame, the Warrior-Phantoms ride !
Or if, less grave with thought, less rich with lore,
The later scenes, the lighter steps explore,
If through the haunts of living splendour led—
Has the quick Muse no empire but the Dead ?
In each keen face, by Care or Pleasure worn,
Grief claims her sigh, or Vice invites her scorn ;
And every human brow that veils a thought
Conceals the Castaly which Shakespeare sought.

LORD LYTTON.

LONDON

HAIL ! thou giant city of the world !
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternal smoke
For ever rising like an ocean stream,
Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies !
Time was, and dreary solitude was here ;
When night-black woods, unvisited by man,

In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.
But now, the storm-roll of immingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles!
Thou more than Rome! for never from her heart
Such universe-awakening spirit poured,
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fevered by thy name; a thousand years,
And silence hath not known thee! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene
Derive; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime with such a thunder-crash as thou!

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown;
Myriads of streets, whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unwearied sound;
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mixed,
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—
And there is London!—England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

LONDON THE MARVELLOUS

There was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis ;
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds,—fell short, far short,
Of what my fond simplicity believed
And thought of London,—held me by a chain
Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
Whether the bolt of childhood's fancy shot
For me beyond its ordinary mark,
'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of boys
Was one, a cripple from his birth, whom chance
Summoned from school to London : fortunate
And envied traveller ! When the boy returned,
After short absence, curiously I scanned
His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,
From disappointment, not to find some change
In look and air, from that new region brought,
As if from Fairyland. Much I questioned him ;
And every word he uttered on my ears
Fell flatter than a cagèd parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly awry,
And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous
things
Had vanity (quick spirit that appears
Almost as deeply seated and as strong
In a child's heart as fear itself) conceived
For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
Recall what then I pictured to myself
Of mitred prelates, lords in ermine clad,
The King and the King's palace, and, not last,
Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the renowned Lord
Mayor :
Dreams not unlike to those which once begat
A change of purpose in young Whittington,

When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
Sat on a stone, and heard the bells speak out
Articulate music. Above all, one thought
Baffled by understanding: how men lived
Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still
Strangers, not knowing each other's name.

O wondrous power of words, by simple faith
Licensed to take the meaning that we love!
Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then had heard
Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps
Dimming the stars and fireworks magical,
And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,
Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy fed
With less delight upon that other class
Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent:
The river proudly bridged; the dizzy top
And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's; the tombs
Of Westminster; the giants of Guildhall;
Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,
Perpetually recumbent; statues—man,
And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares;
The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower
Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,
Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic shape
Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,
Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed,
Or life or death upon the battle-field.
Those bold imaginations in due time
Had vanished, leaving others in their stead:
And now I looked upon the living scene;
Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,

In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased
Through courteous self-submission, as a tax
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain
Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving things!
Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—
On strangers of all ages; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafening din:
The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman's honours overhead:
Here fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints;
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakespeare, Newton, or the attractive head
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud!
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair

Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vender's scream, belike
The very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps ;
Conducted through those labyrinths, unawares,
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls ;
Advertisements, of giant size, from high
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down ;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'Tis one encountered here and everywhere ;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones : the nurse is here,
The bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military idler, and the dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where
See, among less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast,
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough;—the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note
Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colours which the sun bestows,
And every character of form and face:
The Swede, the Russian; from the genial South,
The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from remote
America the hunter-Indian; Moors,
Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
And negro ladies in white muslin gowns.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LONDONIST

THE Londoner is an average human being whose fate it is to be born and to live in London. He or she is no specialist as regards the metropolis itself. The Londoner, pure and simple, is no more a Londonist than a person born on shipboard is a sailor. The Londonist first sees light in the country, not in a very large town like Manchester or Birmingham or Liverpool, but either in some quiet sleepy place we read of in the Wars of the Roses, or some town of later growth, still short of three hundred thousand inhabi-

tants. Between great midland and northern towns and London exists a sense of rivalry never completely extinguished in the breast of any native of the former. But your Londonist pure and simple can hear of no competitor. This vast confluence of streets, and lanes, and squares, and parks, and institutions, and nationalities, and telegraph wires, and interests, and commerce, and ambitions called London is to him the most amazing and glorious spectacle ever presented to the human eye, the most enthralling theme ever given to human tongue.

The Londonist is usually rotund and well-favoured, plausible in speech and manner, as becomes the citizen of the queen paramount of cities. Nothing in London can disturb or annoy him. You complain of the noise. Yes, he says, noise is inseparable from the prodigious traffic of the Great City ; but where will you find a deeper quiet than in the Temple Gardens ? You cry out against the bad water. No doubt some of the water is not good, he will admit ; but think of supplying four millions of people !

Then he bursts away in eloquent praises, and gives you no chance of getting a word. He holds that the longer one lives in London the more one's mind is filled with wonder at its immense variety and inexhaustible resources. It is the best paved, the best watered, the best watched, the most healthy city in the world. If you ask him how he explains the fearful crimes that daily occur and are daily covered up in oblivion, he meets you by asking how you can judge London in such matters, since we have no trustworthy accounts of any other city of such dimensions. Thus he has you at a disadvantage ; for while he bids you withhold censure for the doleful fruits of dense popu-

lation, he claims all the shining results of that population as elements deserving profound admiration and awe.

The Londonist holds it better to live in London on bread and water than in a palace on the Lake of Como. You can buy in it a pennyworth of anything, from water-cresses to treason. You can look at people of all nations here, and shipping from all seas. You can find society according to your means and rank and desires, either with dukes West, with thieves East, or with sparrows on the secret house-tops. You can drown your cares in any form of religion, in any department of vice. You can make yourself visible to more men and women in one day than would people half-a-dozen cities, or you can immerse yourself in a solitude as profound as the cave of Staffa when the tide is full.

For the Londonist there is no place in all the world like the region of his worship. You may seek to argue with him. You may tell him Calcutta is hotter ; Quito is higher ; Paris is less muddy ; Rio Janeiro is better situated ; Rome is crowned with the laurels of successive histories ;—all to no purpose. So far as he is concerned, he thinks it better to be buried in London than live and reign anywhere else on earth.

MARCUS FALL.

DR. JOHNSON : LOVER OF LONDON

1753.—One night, when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently

at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal: 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon drest, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop*, which Johnson had always liked: while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

> 'Short, O short then be thy reign,
> And give us to the world again!'

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day.

1757.—About this period he (Johnson) was offered a living of considerable value in Lincolnshire, if he were inclined to enter into holy orders. It was a rectory in the gift of Mr. Langton, the father of his much-valued friend. But he did not accept of it; partly I believe from a conscientious motive, being

persuaded that his temper and habits rendered him unfit for that assiduous and familiar instruction of the vulgar and ignorant, which he held to be an essential duty in a clergyman ; and partly because his love of a London life was so strong, that he would have thought himself an exile in any other place, particularly if residing in the country.

1763.—Talking of London, Johnson observed, ' Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.'—I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They, whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments ; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle ; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change ; a dramatick enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments ; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue. But the intellectual man is struck with it, as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

1763.—We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, ' Is not this very fine ?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being

more delighted with 'the busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet-street.' *Johnson.* 'You are right, Sir.'

1769.—Talking of a London life, he said, 'The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom.' *Boswell.* 'The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another.' *Johnson.* 'Yes, Sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages.' *Boswell.* 'Sometimes I have been in the humour of wishing to retire to a desart.' *Johnson.* 'Sir, you have desart enough in Scotland.'

1775.—I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet-street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it. *Johnson.* 'Why, Sir, Fleet-street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing-cross.'

He made the common remark on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they generally languish for want of their habitual occupation, and wish to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of this as can well be imagined. 'An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*,

and he would come and assist them ; which he accordingly did. Here, Sir, was a man, to whom the most disgusting circumstances in the business to which he had been used, was a relief from idleness.'

1777.—I suggested a doubt, that if I were to reside in London, the exquisite zest with which I relished it in occasional visits might go off, and I might grow tired of it. *Johnson.* 'Why, Sir, you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life ; for there is in London all that life can afford.'

1778.—I mentioned to him that I had become very weary in a company where I heard not a single intellectual sentence, except that 'a man who had been settled ten years in Minorca was become a much inferiour man to what he was in London, because a man's mind grows narrow in a narrow place.' *Johnson.* 'A man's mind grows narrow in a narrow place, whose mind is enlarged only because he has lived in a large place : but what is got by books and thinking is preserved in a narrow place as well as in a large place. A man cannot know modes of life as well in Minorca as in London ; but he may study mathematics as well in Minorca.' *Boswell.* 'I don't know, Sir : if you had remained ten years in the Isle of Col, you would not have been the man that you now are.' *Johnson.* 'Yes, Sir, if I had been there from fifteen to twenty-five ; but not if from twenty-five to thirty-five.' *Boswell.* 'I own, Sir, the spirits which I have in London make me do every thing with more readiness and vigour. I can talk twice as much in London as any where else.'

1778.—It was a delightful day : as we walked to St. Clement's Church I again remarked that Fleet-

street was the most cheerful scene in the world. ' Fleet-street (said I,) is in my mind more delightful than Tempé.' *Johnson.* ' Ay, Sir ; but let it be compared with Mull.'

1779.—On Thursday, April 1, he commended one of the Dukes of Devonshire for a ' dogged veracity.' He said too, ' London is nothing to some people ; but to a man whose pleasure is intellectual, London is the place. And there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London : more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than any where else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place ; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.'

I was amused by considering with how much ease and coolness he could write or talk to a friend, exhorting him not to suppose that happiness was not to be found as well in other places as in London ; when he himself was at all times sensible of its being, comparatively speaking, a heaven upon earth. The truth is, that by those who from sagacity, attention, and experience, have learnt the full advantage of London, its pre-eminence over every other place, not only for variety of enjoyment, but for comfort, will be felt with a philosophical exultation. The freedom from remark and petty censure, with which life may be passed there, is a circumstance which a man who knows the teazing restraint of a narrow circle must relish highly. Mr. Burke, whose orderly and amiable domestick habits might make the eye of observation less irksome to him than to most men, said once very pleasantly, in my hearing, ' Though I have the honour to represent Bristol, I should not

like to live there ; I should be obliged to be so much *upon my good behaviour.*' In London, a man may live in splendid society at one time, and in frugal retirement at another, without animadversion. There, and there alone, a man's own house is truly his *castle*, in which he can be in perfect safety from intrusion whenever he pleases. I never shall forget how well this was expressed to me one day by Mr. Meynell : ' The chief advantage of London (said he) is that a man is always *so near his burrow.*'

1784.—And such was his love of London, so high a relish had he of its magnificent extent, and variety of intellectual entertainment, that he languished when absent from it, his mind having become quite luxurious from the long habit of enjoying the metropolis ; and, therefore, although at Lichfield, surrounded with friends who loved and revered him, and for whom he had a very sincere affection, he still found that such conversation as London affords, could be found nowhere else. These feelings, joined, probably, to some flattering hopes of aid from the eminent physicians and surgeons in London, who kindly and generously attended him without accepting fees, made him resolve to return to the capital.

1784.—A few days before his death, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried ; and on being answered, ' Doubtless, in Westminster-Abbey,' seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a Poet ; and indeed in my opinion very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned

edifice ; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-stone, with this inscription :

'SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Obiit XIII *die Decembris,*
Anno Domini
M.DCC.LXXXIV.
Ætatis suæ LXXV.'

JAMES BOSWELL.

CHARLES LAMB LOVED LONDON

THIS passion for crowds is no where feasted so full as in London. The man must have a rare *recipe* for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet-street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it vanishes, like all other ills. Often, when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime.

The very deformities of London, which give distaste to others, from habit do not displease me. The endless succession of shops where *Fancy miscalled Folly* is supplied with perpetual gauds and toys, excite in me no puritanical aversion. I gladly behold every appetite supplied with its proper food. The obliging customer, and the obliged tradesman—things which live by bowing, and things which exist but for homage—do not affect me with disgust ; from habit I perceive nothing but urbanity, where other men, more refined, discover meanness : I love the very smoke of London, because it has been the medium most familiar to my vision. . . .

Thus an art of extracting morality from the commonest incidents of a town life, is attained by the same well-natured alchymy, with which the Foresters of Arden, in a beautiful country,

> 'Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Where has spleen her food but in London ? Humour, Interest, Curiosity, suck at her measureless breasts without a possibility of being satiated. Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke, what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usuary to such scenes !

CHARLES LAMB.

LONDON'S EMPIRE

'Tis here around the domèd fane of Wren,
Upon the strand of Thames—most stately stream!—
That city lies of which the world doth dream
As something greater far than Rome, e'en when
All powerful Cæsar held his sway o'er men :
Fair city ! poverty and riches seem
Here strangely blent ; here hope's bright gleam
O'ercomes despair ; here pain and joy are ken.
But far beyond the tinctured vap'rous pall,
That lightly shrouds this city in its folds,
The spirit of her potent force in all
That is for human weal prevails, and holds
A sceptral influence : thus doth she enthral
This mighty empire, and its temper moulds.

F. B.

A LONDON IMPRESSION BY CHARLES DICKENS

Night is generally my time for walking. . . . The glare and hurry of broad noon are not adapted to

idle pursuits like mine; a glimpse of passing faces caught by the light of a street lamp, or a shop window, is often better for my purpose than their full revelation in the daylight; and, if I must add the truth, night is kinder in this respect than day, which too often destroys an air-built castle at the moment of its completion, without the least ceremony or remorse.

That constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glossy—is it not a wonder how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear to hear it! Think of a sick man, in such a place as Saint Martin's Court, listening to the footsteps, and in the midst of pain and weariness, obliged, despite himself (as though it were a task he must perform), to detect the child's step from the man's, the slipshod beggar from the booted exquisite, the lounging from the busy, the dull heel of the sauntering outcast from the quick tread of an expectant pleasure-seeker—think of the hum and noise being always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on, through all his restless dreams, as if he were condemned to lie, dead but conscious, in a noisy churchyard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come!

Then, the crowds for ever passing and repassing on the bridges . . . where many stop on fine evenings, looking listlessly down upon the water, with some vague idea that by-and-by it runs between green banks which grow wider and wider until at last it joins the broad vast sea—where some halt to rest with heavy loads, and think, as they look over the parapet, that to smoke and lounge away one's life,

and lie sleeping in the sun upon a hot tarpaulin, in a dull, slow, sluggish barge, must be happiness unalloyed—and where some, and a very different class, pause with heavier loads than they, remembering to have heard or read in some old time that drowning was not a hard death, but of all means of suicide the easiest and best.

Covent Garden Market at sunrise too, in the spring or summer, when the fragrance of sweet flowers is in the air, . . . driving the dusky thrush, whose cage has hung outside a garret window all night long, half mad with joy! Poor bird! the only neighbouring thing at all akin to the other little captives, some of whom, shrinking from the hot hands of drunken purchasers, lie drooping on the path already, while others, soddened by close contact, await the time when they shall be watered and freshened up to please more sober company, and make old clerks who pass them on their road to business, wonder what has filled their breasts with visions of the country.

'THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.'

LONDON'S FASCINATION

London . . . it is idle to deny its fascination. In the first place it is full from day to day of prodigious, astounding, unexpected beauties—sometimes beauty on a noble scale, in the grand style, such as when the sunset shakes its hair among ragged clouds, and the endless leagues of house-roofs and the fronts of town palaces dwindle into a far-off steely horizon-line under the huge and wild expanse of sky. Sometimes it is the smaller, but no less alluring beauty of subtle atmospherical effects; and so conventional is the human appreciation of beauty that the constant

presence, in these London pictures, of straight framing lines, contributed by house-front and street-end, is an aid to the imagination. Again, there is the beauty of contrasts; the vignettes afforded by the sudden blossoming of rustic flowers and shrubs in unexpected places; the rustle of green leaves at the end of a monotonous street. And then, apart from natural beauty, there is the vast, absorbing, incredible pageant of humanity, full of pathos, of wistfulness, and of sweetness.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

THE SWEET SHADY SIDE OF PALL MALL

In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.

In Town, if it rain, why, it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days?
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our ways.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A *bore* may be dropp'd, and a *quiz* may be cut;
We change without end; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our morning's a round of good-humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright ;
We've ever new joys, and reviv'd by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

In Town we've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed ;
And as to that old-fashioned virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In Town let me live then, in Town let me die ;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS.

THE WONDER OF LONDON

I HAVE seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit ; I have seen it, and am still astonished ; and still there remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred—I mean London.

Send a *philosopher* to London, but, for your life, no poet ! Send a philosopher there, and stand him at the corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair ; and as the billows of human life roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him ; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him; he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly ;

for if London is the right hand of the world—its active, mighty right hand—then we may regard that route which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street as the world's pyloric artery. . . .

I had made up my mind in advance not to be astonished at that immensity of London of which I had heard so much. . . . I anticipated great palaces, and saw nothing but mere small houses. But their very uniformity and their limitless extent impress the soul wonderfully.

These houses of brick, owing to the damp atmosphere and coal smoke, are all of a uniform colour, that is to say, of a brown olive-green, and are all of the same style of building, generally two or three windows wide, three storeys high, and finished above with small red tiles, which remind one of newly extricated bleeding teeth; while the broad and accurately squared streets which these houses form seem to be bordered by endlessly long barracks. . . . In the principal streets of the city where the business of London is most at home, where old-fashioned buildings are mingled with the new, and where the fronts of the houses are covered with signs, yards in length, generally gilt, and in relief, this characteristic uniformity is less striking—the less so, indeed, because the eye of the stranger is incessantly caught by the new and brilliant wares exposed for sale in the windows. And these articles do not merely produce an effect, because the Englishman completes so perfectly everything which he manufactures and because every article of luxury, every astral lamp and every boot, every tea-kettle and every woman's dress, shines out so invitingly and so *finished.* There is also a peculiar charm in the art of arrangement, in the contrast of

colours, and in the variety of the English shops ; even the most commonplace necessaries of life appear in a startling magic light through this artistic power of setting forth everything to advantage. Ordinary articles of food attract us by the new light in which they are placed ; even uncooked fish lie so delightfully dressed that the rainbow gleam of their scales attracts us ; raw meat lies, as if painted, on neat and many-coloured porcelain plates, garlanded about with parsley—yes, everything seems painted, reminding us of the highly polished yet modest pictures of Franz Mieris. But the human beings whom we see are not so cheerful as in the Dutch paintings, for they sell the jolliest wares with the most serious faces, and the cut and colour of their clothes is as uniform as that of their houses.

On the opposite side of the town, which they call the West End—'*the west end of the town*'—and where the more aristocratic and less occupied world lives, the uniformity spoken of is still more dominant ; yet here there are very long and very broad streets, where all the houses are large as palaces, though anything but remarkable as regards their exterior. . . . In this part of the city there are also great 'squares,' where rows of houses like those already described form a quadrangle, in whose centre there is a garden, enclosed by an iron railing and containing some statue or other. In all of these places and streets the eye is never shocked by the dilapidated huts of misery. Everywhere we are stared down on by wealth and respectability, while crammed away in retired lanes and dark, damp alleys Poverty dwells with her rags and her tears.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE PAST

THE past is the heirloom of the world. Now in no shape is any part of this treasure more visible to us, or more striking, than in that of a great metropolis. The present is nowhere so present : we see the latest marks of its hand. The past is nowhere so traceable : we discover, step by step, the successive abodes of its generations. The links that are wanting are supplied by history ; nor perhaps is there a single spot in London in which the past is not visibly present to us, either in the shape of some old buildings or at least in the names of the streets ; or in which the absence of more tangible memorials may not be supplied by the antiquary. In some parts of London we may go back through the whole English history, perhaps through the history of man.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE PLAY'S THE THING!

The play's the thing !

SHAKESPEARE.

If you perfectly occupy the eyes of a London playgoer, he will not resent, because he will not note, that you offend his ear with the dead languages of eloquence and sense. Perhaps he may regret that such fine grouping and charming 'sets' are not more worthily wedded to some punning doggerel; but he will not resent actively, though he will doubtless feel that he has scarcely had all he should have had for his money.

OUIDA.

THE GLOBE THEATRE

(Built by Burbage in 1599.)

O FOR a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the part of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to these great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of this walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history ;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

SHAKESPEARE.

GOING TO THE THEATRE

THE scent of elaborate dinners pursued him along Hill Street ; but by hastening his footsteps he outstripped it, and turning to the left, and effecting with care the crossing of the busy, omnibus-crowded junction at Marble Arch, he found himself in Hyde Park. The month being October, and the hour seven, there was already a hazy atmosphere of duskness ; the orators lighted lamps preparatory to their evening's debauch of speech, and already one or two small groups discussed first principles in a conversational tone. He would have remained, but a glance at the illuminated clock told him that there was no time to lose ; moreover, he might be recognized there. Albeit a man of middle age, he hastened down the pathway edging the road in a manner almost youthful, humming so cheerfully a song about twenty years old that two small boys followed him for a space under the idea that he was about to give an entertainment of a more elaborate nature, aiming at him pointed derision and reproof when they found that he had no such intention.

'If I couldn't hum better'n that,' cried one of the disappointed youths, 'I'd save up and take some lessons at it.'

At Hyde Park Corner he, now in excellent spirits, ran after a 'bus going East, and succeeded with the help of the conductor in boarding it, going up the stairs to an outside seat with great appearance of agility. Borrowing a match from a neighbour, he lighted a cigarette, and the offer of a cigarette in exchange for a match started conversation at once—conversation which had the past season's cricket and the coming season's football for topics. . . .

He whistled as through the crowded, lighted streets he made his way in the direction of one of the old-fashioned theatres. Other buildings with amazing illuminations endeavoured to induce him to stop and enter ; but he went on towards the Strand, where he knew he should find one, at the gallery entrance of which was no demure, orderly queue, but a semi-circular mob of patrons. The two doors when he arrived, had just opened inwards as though unable to withstand any longer the insistence of the surging, pressing crowd ; he joined it on the outskirts, and soon found himself, by the sport of chance, in the centre, shouting with the young men near him the cries usual to a scrimmage ; these he stopped, however, on seeing two girls near him in distress at the roughness of the movement.

' Mind the ladies !' he cried.

The others moderated their noise.

' Stick close to me,' he whispered, ' and I'll see you through. Let me go first.'

Arrived at the open doorway, he set his back against the wall, and allowed the two grateful young women to reach the steps in safety.

' Thanks,' they said in unison, ' ever so much.'

Following them up many stone steps, and protect-

ing them from raiders who desired to improve position on the way, it happened, naturally, that he should find himself in the gallery seated next to them. To perfect his scheme of gallantry, he obtained three programmes, and handed one to each of them. They thanked him again demurely, offering with shyness the loan of a pair of opera-glasses.

'What a crush!' said the elder of the two. 'Last time I was here I sat in the pit.'

'Ah! Rosie,' remarked the other knowingly, 'that was with Mr. B. I had orders once for the upper circle, only they came a week late.' . . .

It was pleasant to find himself in a crowded gallery with everybody anxious to get their shilling's worth out of the evening's entertainment, everybody flushed with excitement, everybody studying the programme with determined efforts to compare in advance the trend and intention of the play. He looked over his shoulder and saw above him late-comers standing up at the back, prepared to remain thus for the space of three hours, and then go away contented and joyous. For a moment he wondered; the next moment he remembered his own early experience. The curtain rose.

W. PETT RIDGE.

EVELINA AT THE PLAY

Evelina in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Villars.—They tell me that London is now in full splendour. Two Play-houses are open,—the Opera House,—Ranelagh,—and the Pantheon.—You see, I have learned all their names. However, pray don't suppose that I make any point of going, for I shall hardly sigh to see them depart without me. . . .

To the Same (a Week Later).—This moment arrived. Just going to Drury-Lane Theatre. The celebrated Mr. Garrick performes Ranger. I am quite in ecstasy. So is Miss Mivan. How fortunate, that he should happen to play! We would not let Mrs. Mivan rest till she consented to go; her chief objection was to our dress, for we have had no time to *Londonize* ourselves.

Saturday Night.—O my dear Sir, in what raptures am I returned! Well may Mr. Garrick be so celebrated, so universally admired—I had not any idea of so great a performer. Such ease! such vivacity in his manner! such grace in his motions! such fire and meaning in his eyes!—I could hardly believe he had studied a written part, for every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment.

His action—at once so graceful and so free!—his voice so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones—such animation! every look *speaks!* I would have given the world to have had the whole play acted over again. And when he danced! O how I envied Clarinda! I almost wished to have jumped on the stage and joined them.

I am afraid you will think me mad, so I won't say any more; yet I really believe Mr. Garrick would make you mad too if you could see him. I intend to ask Mrs. Mivan to go to the play every night while we stay in town. She is extremely kind to me, and Maria, her charming daughter, is the sweetest girl in the world.

FANNY BURNEY.

AN OLD PLAY BILL

THE casual sight of an old Play Bill, which I picked up the other day—I know not by what chance it was

preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the Players, who made the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the *Twelfth Night*, at the old Drury-lane Theatre two-and-thirty years ago. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we *once* used to read a Play Bill—not, as now peradventure, singling out a favourite performer, and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down to the very mutes and servants of the scene; when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield, or Packer, took the part of Fabian; when Benson, and Burton, and Phillimore—names of small account—had an importance, beyond what we can be content to attribute now to the time's best actors.—'Orsino, by Mr. Barrymore.'—What a full Shakspearian sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image and the manner of the gentle actor! Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as Ophelia; Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well;* and Viola, in this play. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness, which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens, but in those days it sank, with her steady, melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. . . . She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs. Powel (now Mrs. Renard), then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable Olivia. She was

particularly excellent in her unbending scenes in conversation with the Clown. I have seen some Olivias —and those very sensible actresses too—who in these interlocutions have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vie conceits with him in downright emulation. But she used him for her sport, like what he was, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperious fantastic humour of the character with nicety. Her fine spacious person filled the scene.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Hotspur's famous rant about glory, or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiriting effect, of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation ; and the thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with greatest truth ; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time ; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods.

CHARLES LAMB.

MY FIRST PLAY

At the north end of Cross-court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury —all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone-buildings, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. . . .

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, 'Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play';—chase *pro* chuse. But when we

got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomede—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening. —The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! —The orchestra lights at length rose, those 'fair Auroras!' Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old, and the play was *Artaxerxes!*

I had dabbled a little in the *Universal History*—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. —It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream.

No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams. —Harlequin's invasion followed ; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys. CHARLES LAMB.

THE ACTRESS

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

An Actress ! well, I own 'tis true,
But why should that your love subdue,
Or bid you blush for Polly ?
When all within is sense and worth,
To care for modes of life, or birth,
Is arrant pride and folly.

A Polly, in a former age,
Resign'd the Captain, and the stage,
To shine as Bolton's Duchess.
Derby and *Craven* since have shown
That virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

In each new pantomime that's hatched,
The Columbine is quickly snatched,
To wed some wealthy suitor :
'Tis ' All for love, the world well lost '—
What pupil calculates the cost,
When passion is the tutor ?

Why, all the world's a stage, and we,
Its pantomimic pageantry,
Change places and conditions :
Fortune's the magic Harlequin,
Whose touch diffuses o'er the scene
Fantastic transpositions.

Your Polly in her veins may bear
The blood, perchance, of London's Mayor,
Who smote the king's reviler;
Whose mace a monarch's life secures,
But slays an ancestor of yours,
In knocking down Wat Tyler.

She who is artless, chaste, refin'd,
Disinterested, pure in mind,
Unsoiled with vice's leaven,
Has that nobility within
Which kings can neither give nor win;
Her patent is from heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer,
Your dignity yourself, not her,
By honourable passion:
And if your noble friends should stare,
Go, bid them show a happier pair
Among the fools of fashion.

HORACE & JAMES SMITH.

THE ACTOR'S ART

The spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,
The youngest of the Sister Arts
Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.

CAMPBELL.

THE THEATRE: THE MECCA OF YOUTH

To me and some others, from ten years old to fifteen, the Strand was a sort of Mecca of pleasure-lovers: it meant theatres—there were few then west of it in town—and theatres were then the acknowledged princes of amusement. Pleasant was the sight of it when one went to the play comfortably with one's people, and pleasant the sight of it when one sneaked there alone—as I boast to have done at twelve—with enough money for an afternoon pit. At fifteen or so, however, your British schoolboy grows sophisticated and (in all probability) a bit of a snob, and he becomes aware that the Strand and its theatres are not the haunt of the aristocratic *roué*. It is then no longer Mecca—merely a casual oasis in the desert of boyhood's routine. But I am happy to say that in my own case this knowledge was counterbalanced by another attraction. For some reason, which I cannot now recall, it was in the Strand that I localized that life of impecunious but persistent pleasure-seeking which I read of in the *Sporting Times*, a life which I sturdily believed to be unceasingly brilliant, and the details of which (I believed them all to be true) I read every week with religious care in my study at school. The idea of this life quite fascinated me—its joyous carelessness, its cynicism, its behind-the-scenesness, its lack of discipline and moderation. I hope it was all real: it was an agreeable atmosphere to my imagination.... Well—I placed it in the Strand, and on my way to a theatre I looked wistfully at the passers-by, as who might see unconsciously one of those brilliant beings whom I did not know. And then at nineteen came the university, and one's 'comrades of college,'

as Florac called them, introduced one to other quarters of public pleasure a trifle more exciting than the old, and so the Strand slid down from its pedestal.

But now when I walk down it these memories of pleasure, partly enjoyed, but in greater measure imaginary, are stronger and sweeter far than those I have as I pass the scenes of later and more actual amusement. The gala pleasures, as it were, of early manhood are not, so far as London is concerned, most agreeable to recollect: they were most often tedious, not seldom coarse and even vulgar. The philosopher of maturer years remembers them perhaps without the weakness of regrets, but he has small desire indeed to re-enact them, and the places where they were pursued have little charm about them. But in childhood there was, even about pleasures so little ethereal as play-going, a quality of imagination which redeemed them from banality and connected them with the finer pleasures—in childhood or in later life—that come of imagination working on books. And I would even claim that the callow boy's imagination of such trite gaieties as I have indicated, his vague idea of brilliant dissipation, is not without its excusable quality of temperament: certainly it is better than the actual dissipation of succeeding years, and its locality may be honoured without shame. . . .

What days, when the theatre was real enchantment—even the theatre in contemporary London! Love of the footlights dies hard, but it is tried with tolerable severity. Even then the delight must have been suggestive mainly. When, at sixteen, one sat in one's stall at the Gaiety with a gardenia in one's button-hole and a stick, as the custom was then, between one's knees, it was not, I suppose, the wit of

Mr. Burnand's puns, or Miss Gilchrist's poses, or even the catching vivacity of Miss Nelly Farren, that formed one's chief enjoyment. One had heard stories—ah, dear precocious days when behind-the-scenes was mystery, and cynicism a joy! They must not pull down the Strand in my time.

G. S. STREET.

PEPYS AT THE PLAY

April 1st, 1665.—To a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called 'Mustapha,' which being not good, made Beterton's part and Ianthe's but ordinary too. All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell [Gwynne], at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily.

December 8th, 1665.—To the King's play-house, and there did see a good part of 'The English Monsieur,' which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all little Nelly.

January 23rd, 1666.—To the King's house, and there saw 'The Humorous Lieutenant': a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing did please me. Here in a box above we spied Mrs. Pierce; and going out they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in and brought us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is.

March 2nd, 1666.—After dinner with my wife to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queen,' a new

play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part, done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell does this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant: and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

'THE DIARY.'

JOSEPH GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE, LONDON, 1828

'LADIES and Gentlemen,—In putting off the clown's garment, allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity, and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life, and leave it prematurely. Eight-and-forty years only have passed over my head —but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe—John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced old age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump—filched my last oyster—boiled my last sausage—and set in for retirement. Not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the days of my clownship, for then, I dare say, some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket and sauce for it in the other.

'To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time—it clung to my skin as I took it off, and

the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them for ever.

'With the same respectful feelings as ever, do I find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favourite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither—accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and believe that, of one and all, Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips, and a tear in his eyes.

'Farewell! that you and yours may ever enjoy that greatest earthly good—health, is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. God bless you all!'

L'ENVOI

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

. . . . .

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

RUS IN URBE

To feel the sequestered stillness of a London garden is to obtain rest such as nowhere else is found, because rest, after all, is as much a matter of imagination as actual cessation from labour, and the very consciousness of the activity from which one has made a momentary escape gives a zest to repose of which the simple woodland is not capable. The London trees have incomparable human associations.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

RUS IN URBE

Poets are singing the whole world over
Of May in melody, joys for June ;
Dusting their feet in the careless clover,
And filling their hearts with the blackbird's tune.
The ' brown bright nightingale ' strikes with pity
The sensitive heart of a count or clown ;
But where is the song for our leafy City,
And where the rhymes for our lovely Town ?

O for the Thames, and its rippling reaches,
Where almond rushes, and breezes sport !
Take me a walk under Burnham Beeches ;
Give me a dinner at Hampton Court !'
Poets, be still, though your hearts I harden ;
We've flowers by day and have scents at dark,
The limes are in leaf in the cockney garden,
And lilacs blossom in Regent's Park.

' Come for a blow,' says a reckless fellow,
Burned red and brown by passionate sun ;
' Come to the downs, where the gorse is yellow ;
The season of kisses has just begun !
Come to the fields where bluebells shiver,
Midst cuckoo's carol, or plaint of dove ;
Come for a row on the silent river ;
Come to the meadows and learn to love !

Yes, I will come when this wealth is over
Of softened colour and perfect tone ;
The lilac's better than fields of clover—
I'll come when blossoming May has flown.

When dust and dirt of a trampled city
Have dragged the yellow laburnum down,
I'll take my holiday—more's the pity—
And turn my back upon London Town.

Margaret! am I so wrong to love it,
This misty town that your face shines through?
A crown of blossom is waved above it;
But heart and life of the world—*'tis you!*
Margaret! pearl! I have sought and found you;
And though the paths of the wind are free,
I'll follow the ways of the world around you,
And build my nest on the nearest tree!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

TREES IN THE CITY

A LINK of a very pleasing description between old times and new is that there is scarcely a street in the *city* of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discern a *tree*. The mention of the circumstance generally creates a laughing astonishment, and a cry of 'impossible!' Two persons, who successively heard of it the other day, not only thought it incredible as a general fact, but doubted whether half a dozen streets could be found with a twig in them; and they triumphantly instanced 'Cheapside' as a place in which it was 'out of the question.' Yet in Cheapside is an actual, visible, and even ostentatiously visible tree, to all who have eyes to look about them. It stands at the corner of Wood Street, and occupies the space of a house. There was a solitary one the other day in St. Paul's Churchyard, which has now got a multitude of young

companions. A little child was shown us a few years back, who was said never to have beheld a tree but that single one in St. Paul's Churchyard. Whenever a tree was mentioned, she thought it was that and no other. She had no conception even of the remote tree in Cheapside! This appears incredible; but there would seem to be no bounds, either to imagination or to the want of it. We were told the other day, on good authority, of a man who had resided six-and-thirty years in the square of St. Peter's at Rome, and then for the first time went inside the Cathedral.

And there is a little garden in *Watling Street!* It lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only.

LEIGH HUNT.

TREES IN LONDON

THE high trees that stand stirring and thrilling in the squares in summer do taste of darkness; night drives home a thousand shadows—thin and subtle flocks—to fold within the iron railings and to shelter in corners of the worn and unfragrant grass till morning. But the single trees that have their roots under grey pavements, and that breathe in the little accidental standing places of the wayside, the railed-in corners left by the chance-medley of London streets—these have the strange fate to be in perpetual light. They are never washed in darkness; they never withdraw into that state and condition of freedom, into that open hiding-place, that untravelled liberty, that wild seclusion at home, that refuge without flight, that secret unconcealed, that solitude unen-

closed, that manumission of captives, that opportunity of Penelope—darkness.

The leaves of the street-side tree flutter bright emerald green through the whole night (out of town the discolouring night) of leafy summer. That local colour is never quenched, as human blushes are quenched at night. It rather takes a more conspicuous quality, under the closeness of the electric light; it is sharply green. Whereas the day has its mists and veils, and may at times darken a tree nearly black, by setting the sky alight behind it, the night has none of these shadows. The light of night is stationary and unchangeable, and there are some solitary trees here and there that undergo the unshifting illumination at the closest quarters; the light that knows no hours and makes no journey gleams near upon the motion of the leaves and glosses their faces. It is beforehand with the twilight, so that the dusk when it comes finds the place taken, and it will not let the tree go until the light of day flows in fully, and dawn is over. . . .

It is one of the tyrannies wreaked by the electric light and the gas lamps upon the street-side tree that they keep away from it the glimpses of the moon. Not only is secret darkness forbidden, but the secret light is quenched. The tree waves softly all night in the unaltering lamplight, and the moonlight is killed upon its leaves.

ALICE MEYNELL.

A LONDON PLANE-TREE

GREEN is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air;
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here from my garret-pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play ;
The dim fog wraps her round about ;
Above, the smoke curls grey.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn ;
But she has listened to the voice
Of city breezes borne.

AMY LEVY.

NATURE LEAKING INTO CITIES

I DON'T know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tip-toe,—'What are these people about ?' And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back,—'We will go and see.' So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers,—'Come with me.' Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pave-

ments, looking out through iron cemetery-railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, —'Wait awhile!' The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other,—'Wait awhile!' By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough, and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms. . . . Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PIGEONS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The front of the British Museum stands in the sunlight clearly marked against the firm blue of the northern sky. The blue appears firm as if solid above the angle of the stonework, for while looking towards it—towards the north—the rays do not come through the azure, which is therefore colour without life. It seems nearer than the southern sky, it descends and forms a close background to the building; as you approach you seem to come nearer to the blue surface rising at its rear. The dark edges of sloping stone

are distinct and separate, but not sharp ; the hue of the stone is toned by time and weather, and it is so indefinite as to have lost its hardness. Those small rounded bodies upon the cornice are pigeons resting in the sun, so motionless and neutral-tinted that they might be mistaken for some portion of the carving. A double gilt ring, a circle in a circle, at the feet of an allegorical figure gleams brightly against the dark surface. The sky already seems farther away seen between the boles stone, perpetual shade dwells in their depth, but two or three of the pigeons fluttering down are searching for food on the sunlit gravel at the bottom of the steps. To them the building is merely a rock, pierced with convenient caverns ; they use its exterior for their purpose, but penetrate no farther. With air and light, the sunlit gravel, the green lawn between it and the outer railings—with these they are concerned, and with these only. The heavy roll of the traffic in Oxford Street, audible here, is nothing to them ; the struggle for money does not touch them, they let it go by. Nor the many minds searching and re-searching in the great Library, this mental toil is no more to them than the lading of the waggons in the street. Neither the tangible product nor the intellectual attainment is of any value—only the air and light. There are idols in the galleries within upon whose sculptured features the hot Eastern sun shone thousands of years since. They were made by human effort, however mistaken, and they were the outcome of human thought and handiwork. The doves fluttered about the temples in those days, full only of the air and light. They fluttered about the better temples of Greece and round the porticos where philosophy was born. Still only the

light, the sunlight, the air of heaven. We labour on and think, and carve our idols, and the pen never ceases from its labour ; but the lapse of the centuries has left us in the same place. The doves who have not laboured nor travailed in thought possess the sunlight. Is not theirs the preferable portion ? . . .

It is pleasant to go out again into the portico under the great columns. On the threshold I feel nearer knowledge than when within. The sun shines, and southwards above the houses there is a statue crowning the summit of some building. The figure is in the midst of the light ; it stands out clear and white as if in Italy. The southern blue is luminous—the beams of light flow through it—the air is full of the undulation and life of light. There is rest in gazing at the sky : a sense that wisdom does exist and may be found, a hope returns that was taken away among the books. The green lawn is pleasant to look at, though it is mown so ruthlessly. If they would only let the grass spring up, there would be a thought somewhere entangled in the long blades as a dewdrop sparkles in their depths. Seats should be placed here, under the great columns or by the grass, so that one might enjoy the sunshine after books and watch the pigeons. . . . They have not laboured in mental searching as we have ; they have not wasted their time looking among empty straw for the grain that is not there. They have been in the sunlight. Since the days of ancient Greece the doves have remained in the sunshine ; we who have laboured have found nothing. In the sunshine, by the shady verge of woods, by the sweet waters where the wild dove sips, there alone will thought be found.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

ARCADIAN LONDON

BEING in a humour for complete solitude and uninterrupted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself, is Bond-street. From this lonely spot I make pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert. The first solemn feeling of isolation overcome, the first oppressive consciousness of profound retirement conquered, I enjoy that sense of freedom, and feel reviving within me that latent wildness of the original savage, which has been (upon the whole somewhat frequently) noticed by Travellers. . . . The simple character of my life, and the calm nature of the scenes by which I am surrounded, occasion me to rise early. I go forth in my slippers, and promenade the pavement. It is pastoral to feel the freshness of the air in the uninhabited town, and to appreciate the shepherdess character of the few milkwomen who purvey so little milk that it would be worth nobody's while to adulterate it, if anybody were left to undertake the task. On the crowded sea-shore, the great demand for milk, combined with the strong local temptation of chalk, would betray itself in the lowered quality of the article. In Arcadian London I derive it from the cow.

The Arcadian simplicity of the metropolis altogether, and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me. Within a few hundred yards of my retreat, is the house of a friend who maintains a most sump-

tuous butler. I never, until yesterday, saw that butler out of superfine black broadcloth. Until yesterday, I never saw him off duty, never saw him (he is the best of butlers) with the appearance of having any mind for anything but the glory of his master and his master's friends. Yesterday morning, walking in my slippers near the house of which he is the prop and ornament—a house now a waste of shutters —I encountered that butler, also in his slippers, and in a shooting suit of one colour and in a low-crowned straw-hat, smoking an early cigar. He felt that we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere. Wisely and well, he passed me without recognition. Under his arm he carried the morning paper, and shortly afterwards I saw him sitting on a rail in the pleasant open landscape of Regent-street, perusing it at his ease under the ripening sun. . . .

In the Burlington Arcade, I observe, with peculiar pleasure, a primitive state of manners to have superseded the baneful influences of ultra civilization. Nothing can surpass the innocence of the ladies' shoeshops, the artificial-flower repositories, and the headdress depôts. They are in strange hands at this time of year—hands of unaccustomed persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the prices of the goods, and contemplate them with unsophisticated delight and wonder. The children of these virtuous people exchange familiarities in the Arcade, and temper the asperity of the two tall beadles. Their youthful prattle blends in an unwonted manner with the harmonious shade of the scene, and the general effect is, as of the voices of birds in a grove. In this happy restoration of the golden time, it has been my privi-

lege even to see the bigger beadle's wife. She brought him his dinner in a basin, and he ate it in his arm-chair, and afterwards fell asleep like a satiated child. At Mr. Truefitt's, the excellent hairdresser's, they are learning French to beguile the time; and even the few solitaries left on guard at Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumer's round the corner (generally the most inexorable gentleman in London, and the most scornful of three-and-sixpence), condescend a little, as they drowsily bide or recall their turn for chasing the ebbing Neptune on the ribbed sea-sand. From Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, the jewellers, all things are absent but the precious stones, and the gold and silver, and the soldierly pensioner at the door with his decorated breast. I might stand night and day for a month to come, in Savile-row, with my tongue out, yet not find a doctor to look at it for love or money. The dentists' instruments are rusting in their drawers, and their horrible cool parlours, where people pretend to read the Every-Day Book and not to be afraid, are doing penance for their grimness in white sheets. The light-weight of shrewd appearance, with one eye always shut up, as if he were eating a sharp gooseberry in all seasons, who usually stands at the gateway of the livery-stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat, has gone to Doncaster. Of such undesigning aspect is his guileless yard now, with its gravel and scarlet beans, and the yellow Break housed under a glass roof in a corner, that I almost believe I could not be taken in there, if I tried. In the places of business of the great tailors, the cheval-glasses are dim and dusty for lack of being looked into. Ranges of brown paper coat and waistcoat bodies look as funereal as if they were the hatchments of the

customers with whose names they are inscribed ; the measuring tapes hang idle on the wall; the order-taker, left on the hopeless chance of some one looking in, yawns in the last extremity over the book of patterns, as if he were trying to read that entertaining library. The hotels in Brook-street have no one in them, and the staffs of servants stare disconsolately for next season out of all the windows. . . .

I have mentioned Savile-row. We all know the Doctor's servant. We all know what a respectable man he is, what a hard dry man, what a firm man, what a confidential man : how he lets us into the waiting-room, like a man who knows minutely what is the matter with us, but from whom the rack should not wring the secret. In the prosaic 'season,' he has distinctly the appearance of a man conscious of money in the savings bank, and taking his stand on his respectability with both feet. At that time it is as impossible to associate him with relaxation, or any human weakness, as it is to meet his eye without feeling guilty of indisposition. In the blest Arcadian time, how changed ! I have seen him, in a pepper-and-salt jacket—jacket—and drab trousers, with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's housemaid, smiling in open day. I have seen him at the pump by the Albany, unsolicitedly pumping for two fair young creatures, whose figures as they bent over their cans, were—if I may be allowed an original expression —a model for the sculptor. I have seen him trying the piano in the Doctor's drawing-room with his fore-finger, and have heard him humming tunes in praise of lovely woman. I have seen him seated on a fire-engine, and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the

peace and purity of our Arcadian west were at their height, polk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the door-steps of his own residence, across Savile-row, round by Clifford-street and Old Burlington-street, back to Burlington-gardens. Is this the Golden Age revived, or Iron London? . . . In secluded corners of the place of my seclusion, there are little shops withdrawn from public curiosity, and never two together, where servants' perquisites are brought. The cook may dispose of grease at these modest and convenient marts; the butler, of bottles; the valet and lady's maid, of clothes; most servants, indeed, of most things they may happen to lay hold of. I have been told that in sterner times loving correspondence, otherwise interdicted, may be maintained by letter through the agency of some of these useful establishments. In the Arcadian autumn, no such device is necessary. Everybody loves, and openly and blamelessly loves. My landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of Old Bond-street, and is beloved several doors up New Bond-street besides. I never look out of window but I see kissing of hands going on all around me. It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and exchange tender sentiments; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at house doors, or roam, linked in that flowery manner, through the unpeopled streets. There is nothing else to do but Love; and what there is to do, is done.

In unison with this pursuit, a chaste simplicity obtains in the domestic habits of Arcadia. Its few scattered people dine early, live moderately, sup socially, and sleep soundly. It is rumoured that the Beadles of the Arcade, from being the mortal enemies

of boys, have signed with tears an address to Lord Shaftesbury, and subscribed to a ragged school! No wonder! For, they might turn their heavy maces into crooks and tend sheep in the Arcade, to the purling of the water-carts as they give the thirsty streets much more to drink than they can carry.

A happy Golden Age, and a serene tranquillity. Charming picture, but it will fade. The Iron Age will return, London will come back to town, if I show my tongue then in Savile-row for half a minute I shall be prescribed for, the Doctor's man and the Dentist's man will then pretend that these days of unprofessional innocence never existed. . . . The desk at which I have written these meditations will retributively assist at the making out of my account, and the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crush the silence out of Bond-street—will grind Arcadia away, and give it to the elements in granite powder. CHARLES DICKENS.

A CITY SONG

Go look into the City's face,
That spreadeth over tens of miles;
Go wander through the Merchant place
Of leger lore and countless piles.

From palace halls to cellar floors,
In broad highway, and narrow street;
From beggars' dens to princes' doors,
Go look and note what ye shall meet. . . .

Yet dear Old Nature, fresh and fair,
Has worshippers for ever true,
For ever fond; and even there
We see her sweet smile peeping through.

Mark the dim windows that you pass,
And see the petted myrtle here ;
While there, upraised in tinted glass,
The curling hyacinths appear.

The gay geranium in its pride,
Looks out to kiss the scanty gleam ;
And rosebud nurstlings, by its side,
Are gently brought to share the beam.

Hands, with their daily bread to gain,
May oft be seen, at twilight hour,
Decking their dingy, garret pane
With wreathing stem or sickly flower.

Smile not to see the broken cup,
With dusty mould and starting seed ;
The one who fills it, renders up
An offering that Heaven may heed.

Look kindly on the housecrop patch,
Reared by the sinful or the poor ;
Spurn not the humblest, who would snatch
Sparks from the Beautiful and Pure. . . .

A spark of something goodly still
Lurks in a bosom while it yields
An instinct love on smoky sill,
And seeks to call up woods and fields.

A pleasant sight it is to see
The spirit of Creation haunt
The City paths in some old tree,
Where butterflies and rooks may flaunt.

Though Toil and Dust may hem us round,
And drink the freshness of our Life ;
Some primal trace will yet be found—
Some olive-branches in the strife. . . .

Oh! let us look with grateful eye
On branch and bloom within a City;
They seem, we know not how or why,
To cheer us like a minstrel's ditty.

They tell of something which defies
The lust of Wealth and dread of Death—
They point to brighter, bluer skies,
And whisper with a seraph's breath.

Though mean they seem, though weak they be;
Yet do they hold our mortal leaven;
And while we see the flower and tree,
The city still is nigh to Heaven.

ELIZA COOK.

SUNLIGHT IN A LONDON SQUARE*

THERE are days now and again when the summer broods in Trafalgar Square; the flood of light from a cloudless sky gathers and grows, thickening the air; the houses enclose the beams as water is enclosed in a cup. Sideways from the white-painted walls light is reflected; upwards from the broad, heated pavement in the centre light and heat ascend; from the blue heaven it presses downwards. Not only from the sun—one point—but from the entire width of the visible blue the brilliant stream flows. Summer is enclosed between the banks of houses—all summer's glow and glory of exceeding brightness. The blue panel overhead has but a stray fleck of cloud, a Cupid drawn on the panel in pure white, but made indefinite by distance. The joyous swallows climb high into the

* The sunlight and the winds enter London, and the life of the fields is there too, if you will but see it.

illuminated air till the eye, daunted by the glow, can scarce detect their white breasts as they turn. . . .

By a pillared gateway there is a group in scarlet, and from time to time other groups in scarlet pass and repass within the barrack-court. A cream-tinted dress, a pink parasol—summer hues—go by in the stream of dark-clothed people ; a flower fallen on the black water of a river. Either the light subdues the sound, or perhaps rather it renders the senses slumberous and less sensitive, but the great sunlit square is silent—silent, that is, for the largest city on earth. A slumberous silence of abundant light, of the full summer day, of the high flood of summer hours whose tide can rise no higher. A time to linger and dream under the beautiful breast of heaven, heaven brooding and descending in pure light upon man's handiwork. If the light shall thus come in, and of its mere loveliness overcome every aspect of dreariness, why shall not the light of thought, and hope—the light of the soul—overcome and sweep away the dust of our lives ?

I stood under the portico of the National Gallery in the shade looking southwards, across the fountains and the lions, towards the green trees under the distant tower. . . . At my back, within the gallery, there is many a canvas painted under Italian skies, in glowing Spain, in bright Southern France. There are scenes lit with the light that gleams on orange grove and myrtle ; there are faces tinted with the golden hue that floats in southern air. But yet, if anyone impartial will stand here outside, under the portico, and forgetting that it is prosaic London, will look at the summer enclosed within the square, and acknowledge it for itself as it is, he must admit that the view

—light and colour, tone and shade—is equal to the painted canvas, is full, as it were, to the brim of interest, suggestion, and delight. Before the painted canvas you stand with prepared mind ; you have come to see Italy, you are educated to find colour, and the poetry of tone. Therefore you see it, if it is there. Here in the portico you are unprepared, uneducated ; no one has ever given a thought of it. But now trace out the colour and the brightness ; gaze up into the sky, watch the swallows, note the sparkle of the fountain, observe the distant tower chiselled with the light and shade. Think, then, of the people, not as mere buyers and sellers, as mere counters, but as human beings—beings possessed of hearts and minds, full of the passions and the hopes and fears which made the ancient poets great merely to record. These are the same passions that were felt in antique Rome, whose very name is a section of human life. There is colour in these lives now as then.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

PEACEFUL LONDON

I WENT astray in Holborn through an arched entrance, over which was 'Staple Inn.' In a court opening inwards from this, there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sun-flowers in full bloom. The windows were open ; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a

quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn ; and to lose all this repose so suddenly, on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

SYLVAN LONDON

By the side of Hyde Park stands Kensington Gardens. This place has something of the solemn grandeur of a wood about it—something uncultivated that delights the eye. It is like a good mile of the Forest of St. Germain in the heart of town. In France, our public gardens are placed under the care of some ex-sergeant, whose ideas never soar beyond obeying the orders of his superior, and keeping everything in line. If a refractory leaf does but attract his attention, *une, deusse,* it disappears. Our trees in the Tuileries look like the little green imitations that are put into children's toy farmyards. Good old Abbé Gaultier, from whom we have all learnt a little geography, speaks of the famous park of Versailles, where Art has forced Nature. Over here, Art leaves Nature alone, because the English respect and appreciate her much more than we. Nothing is more imposing than the exuberant beauty of the English parks. Take a walk across them in the early morning, when there is no one stirring, and the nightingale is singing high up in some gigantic tree ; it is one of the rare pleasures that you will find within your reach in London. If the morning be fine, you will not fail to be struck

with a lovely pearl-grey haze, soft and subdued, that I never saw in such perfection as in the London parks. Regent's Park, Green Park, and St. James's Park, the latter especially, which is near to Buckingham Palace, Whitehall, and the Palace of Westminster, are exceedingly fine.

I advise all who pay a visit to London to wander outside the City, and take a look at Kew Gardens, Richmond Park, and the chestnut trees of Hampton Court.

MAX O'RELL.

TO A CITY PIGEON

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touch'd my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat.
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshen'd leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feather'd race
Dost look unscared on the human face,
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And the 'gentle dove'
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prison'd thoughts of the city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart,
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair
That else were seal'd in this crowded air;
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out!
I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

PIGEONS AT CANNON STREET

O YE pigeons of the Station, with your sorcery of hues,
Some in opal tints resplendent, some in filmy fluff of blues,
As ye circle dearly downward, peck the cabmen's alms, unshot,
I could think you living colours falling on this dull stone plot.

Here, the friends of men and horses, ye serenely find your food,
Ev'ry happy mother bringing sons and daughters from her brood;

Rough the act and strange the tumult that can stir
you from your rest,
Making all the yard a rainbow with the light of wing
and breast.

Ye are birds in Babylon whose sires were babies in the
tree ;
Once the bright eyes of your nation saw beneath them
romp in glee
Little roes that chased the fawns, and tusky boars
that stabbed the dog
Where the lovely leagues of azure sparkled innocent
of fog.

Tho' the wilderness of mortar, tho' the miles of
brick and slate
Dawn by dawn are seen for ever as the comrades of
your fate,
In the fairy tales of pigeons, in the folk-songs, in the
lore
Are not green and grassy counties mingled sweetly
as of yore ?

Surely when the windy gods come roaring from the
sea and wold,
Creeping closely to some elder ye will ask him tales
of old—
How the piping shepherd gathered all his lambs at
death of light ;
How the fields were fat with increase ; how the were-
wolf snarled at night.

London pigeons, many brothers, many sisters have I
seen
Flying woodward in the evening to their palaces of
green ;

Tho' I closelier scan your feathers, more I love the wild surprise
Of your Warwickshire relations mounting sudden to the skies.

O the peaty moorland odours and the sparkling sweep of lawn!
O the last thin shade of darkness melting on the lips of dawn!
These are gifts of God your kindred spy and ponder from their trees
While the mower's scythe is making golden haloes round his knees!

'Twixt the rows of mangel-wurzels, strutting stately, I can see
Careful cousins pecking, wary, ready for the hill or tree;
Ye, methinks, have lost your birthright, lost your heritage of dew,
Lost the verdant county acres and the freedom of the blue!

NORMAN GALE.

A SINGING BIRD IN THE CITY

Golden-throated, hath God sent thee for our comfort in the city?
Sweet, sweet! singing, singing all the day.
I said: Ah, the young Spring she will lure him from his pity,
And he'll seek the sunny distance in the May.

For all the other birds have left us lonely
That sought us when the hungry winter came;
Quick they forget, and he remembered only,
But with the breath of Spring he'll fly the same.

For the daffodil is nodding, just awaking,
With a sunny ray imprisoned in its breast;
Over purple violets the hawthorn buds are breaking—
There a perfect Eden for a nest.

There, I said, the lazy cattle in the sunshine will be resting,
Dreaming in the pasture lands where summer airs blow sweet,
Or standing in the river to feel each slow wave cresting
In snowy pearl bracelets around their cloven feet

But here they gasp and stumble, foot-sore and full of sorrow;
No question 'Why these sufferings?' to the careless passer-by
In their patient weary eyes that shall see no fair to-morrow,
And find no balm of tears as they stagger on to die.

DORA SIGERSON.

THE FRINGE OF THE TOWN

There is something very pleasant in a summer suburban ride in the valley of the Thames. London transforms itself into bustling Knightsbridge and airy Brompton, brightly and gracefully lingers cheerfully in the long, miscellaneous, well-watered King's Road, and only says farewell when you come to an abounding river and a picturesque bridge.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

What place is snugger and more pretty
Than a gay green Inn outside the City,
To sit in an arbour in a garden,
With a pot of ale and a long churchwarden !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE GRAND TOUR OF KENSINGTON GARDENS

(*From 'The Little White Bird.'*)

THEY are in London, where the King lives, and you go to them every day, unless you are looking decidedly flushed, but no one has ever been in the whole of the Gardens, because it is so soon time to turn back. . . . The Gardens are bounded on one side by a never-ending line of omnibuses, over which Irene has such authority that if she holds up her finger to any one of them it stops immediately. She then crosses with you in safety to the other side. There are more gates to the Gardens than one gate, but that is the one you go in at, and before you go in you speak to the lady with the balloons, who sits just outside. This is as near to being inside as she may venture, because, if she were to let go her hold of the railings for one moment, the balloons would lift her up, and she would be flown away. She sits very squat, for the balloons are always tugging at her, and the strain has given her quite a red face. . . .

The Gardens are a tremendous big place, with millions and hundreds of trees; and first you come to the Figs, but you scorn to loiter there, for the Figs is the resort of superior little persons, who are forbidden to mix with the commonalty, and is so named, according to legend, because they dress in full fig. These dainty ones are themselves contemptuously called Figs by David and other heroes, and you have a key to the manners and customs of this dandiacal

section of the Gardens when I tell you that cricket is called crickets here. Occasionally a rebel Fig climbs over the fence into the world, and such a one was Miss Mabel Grey. . . . She was the only really celebrated Fig.

We are now in the Broad Walk, and it is as much bigger than the other walks as your father is bigger than you. David wondered if it began little, and grew and grew, until it was quite grown up, and whether the other walks are its babies, and he drew a picture, which diverted him very much, of the Broad Walk giving a tiny walk an airing in a perambulator. In the Broad Walk you meet all the people who are worth knowing, and there is usually a grown-up with them to prevent them going on the damp grass, and to make them stand disgraced at the corner of a seat if they have been mad-dog or Mary-Annish. To be Mary-Annish is to behave like a girl, whimpering because nurse won't carry you, or simpering with your thumb in your mouth, and it is a hateful quality; but to be mad-dog is to kick out at everything, and there is some satisfaction in that. . . .

You now try to go to the Round Pond, but nurses hate it, because they are not really manly, and they make you look the other way, at the Big Penny and the Baby's Palace. She was the most celebrated baby of the Gardens, and lived in the palace all alone, with ever so many dolls, so people rang the bell, and up she got out of her bed, though it was past six o'clock, and she lighted a candle, and opened the door in her nighty, and then they all cried with great rejoicings, 'Hail, Queen of England!' What puzzled David most was how she knew where the matches were kept. The Big Penny is a statue about her.

Next we come to the Hump, which is the part of the Broad Walk where all the big races are run ; and even though you had no intention of running, you do run when you come to the Hump, it is such a fascinating, slide-down kind of place. Often you stop when you have run about half-way down it, and then you are lost; but there is another little wooden house near here, called the Lost House, and so you tell the man that you are lost and then he finds you. It is glorious fun racing down the Hump, but you can't do it on windy days because then you are not there, but the fallen leaves do it instead of you. There is almost nothing that has such a keen sense of fun as a fallen leaf.

J. M. BARRIE.

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screen'd by dark trees on either hand ;
And at its head, to stay the eye,
Those black-topp'd, red-bol'd pine-trees stand.

The clouded sky is still and grey,
Through silken rifts soft peers the sun.
Light the green-foliag'd chestnuts play,
The darker elms stand grave and dun.

The birds sing sweetly in these trees
Across the girdling city's hum ;
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy :
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirr'd forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretch'd out,
And, eas'd of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
Think sometimes, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new.
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass.
The flowers close, the birds are fed;
The night comes down upon the grass:
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give.
Calm, calm me more; nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ELEGANT KENSINGTON

THE beauty and salubrity of Kensington, its combination (so to speak) of the elegancies of town and country, and the multitude of its associations with courts, wits, and literature, have long rendered it a favourite with lovers of books. . . . The place is not only free from everything repulsive to the consideration (unless it be one hidden spot, which the new improvement will remove), but attention is fairly invited throughout. The way to it is the pleasantest out of town ; you may walk in high-road, or on grass, as you please ; the fresh air salutes you from a healthy soil ; and there is not a step of the way, from its commencement at Kensington Gore, to its termination beyond Holland House, in which you are not greeted with the face of some pleasant memory. Here, to 'mind's eye,' conversant with local biography, stands a beauty, looking out of a window ; there, a wit, talking with other wits at a garden-gate ; there a poet on the green sward, glad to get out of the London smoke, and find himself among trees. Here came De Veres of the times of old ; Hollands and Davenants, of the Stuart and Cromwell times ; Evelyn peering about him soberly, and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advanced Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton ; Steele from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes, Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, *Junius* from a communication with Wilkes. Here, in his carriage, is King William the Third, going from the Palace to open Parliament ; George the First and George the Second ; and there, from out of Kensington Gardens, comes bursting, as if the whole recorded polite world were

in flower at one and the same period, all the fashion of the gayest times of these sovereigns, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop-petticoats, towering with top-nots and toupees. Here comes 'Lady Mary,' *quizzing* everybody, and Lady Suffolk, looking discreet; there the lovely Bellendens and Lepels; there Miss Howe, laughing with Nanty Lowther (who made her very grave afterwards); there Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey; Miss Chudleigh, not over-clothed; the Miss Gunnings, drawing crowds of admirers; and here is George Selwyn interchanging wit with my Lady Townshend, the 'Lady Bellaston' (so, at least, it has been said) of 'Tom Jones.' Who is to know of all this company, and not be willing to meet it? . . .

Holland House is the only important mansion, venerable for age and appearance, which is now to be found in the neighbourhood of London. There has been talk more than once of pulling it down; but every feeling of memory seems to start up at the threat, and cry, 'No, no!' The cry is not only one of the utmost parliamentary propriety: the weight of the whole voice of the metropolis may be said to be in it; nay, of the nation itself; and even of the civilized world; for what court or diplomatist that knows of the 'Whigs,' knows not of 'Holland House'? or what foreigner, with any taste for English wit and localities, visits London without going to see it? It is not handsome; it is not ancient; but it is of an age sufficient to make up for want of beauty; it shows us how our ancestors built before Shakespeare died; a crowd of the reigning wits and beauties of that, and every succeeding generation, passes through it to 'mind's eye,' brilliant with life and colour; and there it stands

yet, on its old rising ground, with its proper accompaniment of sward and trees, to gratify everybody that can appreciate it, and shame anyone that would do it wrong. May it everlastingly be repaired, and never look otherwise than past times beheld it ! . . .

Kensington Gardens . . . there might probably have been seen in these gardens, on one and the same day, in the portentous year 1791, Wilkes and Wilberforce ; George Rose and Mr. Holcroft ; Mr. Reeve and Mr. Godwin ; Burke, Warren Hastings, and Thomas Paine ; Horace Walpole and Hannah More (whom he introduces to the Duke of Queensberry) ; Mary Wolstonecroft and Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay), the latter avoiding the former with all her might ; the Countess of Albany (the widow of the Pretender) ; the Margravine of Anspach ; Mrs. Montague ; Mrs. Barbauld ; Mrs. Trimmer ; Emma Harte (Lady Hamilton), accompanied by her adoring portrait-painter, Romney ; and poor Madame du Barry, mistress of the late Louis XV., come to look after some jewels of which she has been robbed, and little suspecting that she would return to be guillotined. . . .

Besides the rarer trees in the strip of garden-ground properly so called, and the trees common to woody places in the Gardens in general there are some good specimens of beech here, and some more than usually fine ones both of the horse-chesnut and the sweet-chesnut. The horse-chesnuts, thick with leaves, and throwing up in abundance their noble pyramidal blossoms, form a beautiful greeting for the pedestrian in spring, as he comes from Piccadilly towards the entrance into Kensington High Street.

Ordinary birds of course abound, both singing and cawing. . . . The return of rooks towards nightfall

often gives Kensington the look of a remote country town. The nut-hatch has been frequently caught in the Gardens ; it is not improbable that the rare and beautiful bird, the hoopoe, may be seen there during the prevalence of the east winds, which are understood to drive it hither from the continent; and we ourselves have seen the jay, with its lovely delicate blue and other colours, though it is a bird very shy of observers. . . .

What may be called the river-side of the Gardens is on this account the most agreeable ; meaning by river-side, not merely the side of the water, but the wood in its neighbourhood, and its sequestered-looking paths. Prospects of any kind the Gardens can hardly be said to possess, for none even of the vistas are worth mentioning, except that, perhaps, such as it is, and as topographers have observed, which looks from one point is this quarter towards the Palace. Nevertheless, as comparativeness gives value to everything great or small, Kensington Gardens are a truly valuable possession to the neighbourhood, and to the metropolis in general. They afford safe walks to invalids and to children ; sequestered ones to lovers of quiet; shades in summer-time to the heated ; dry passages in winter to crossers over the district ; birds, trees, and flowers to lovers of them ; and upon the whole, something altogether different, to those who wish it, from town, from noise, or from the town's most painful or perplexing sights ; for here, though angling is allowed, which is a pity and ridiculous, sporting in general is not. You hear no sound, and see no sight, to make you wish that the setter of his wits against hare and pheasant

' Had shot as he was used to do.'

The poet may turn his verse, the philosopher his axioms, and the lover his affectionate thoughts, with no greater interruption than the call of a bird, or the sound of a child's voice ; and if a foolish old gentleman is now and then seen haunting a nursery-maid, or a younger vagabond desecrating some alcove with the literature of St. Giles's, we are to comfort ourselves with hoping that the nursery-maid is laughing at the venerable Adonis, and that the vagabond, when he goes home, will get as many boxes on the ears for loitering by the way, as he has given causes for trouble to the sponge of the garden inspector. We must not expect to be too Paradisaical, even in Kensington Gardens.

LEIGH HUNT.

KENSINGTON GARDENS

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring lands
'Midst greens and sweets a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine and see azure skies ;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confessed.

Formed to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.
Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferred them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners waved in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Poured in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage graced the wood,
The scene of wars, and stained with lover's blood.

THOMAS TICKELL.

HOLLAND HOUSE

THOU hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and the evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade,
From other ills, however fortune frowned,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

THOMAS TICKELL.

WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MINGLE

THERE are few things more pleasant, I am inclined to believe, than the mixture of Town and Country, judiciously managed. You like the purling murmurs of a brook all the better, if beside you a delicate Burgundy also murmurs out of its jug. You find the odours of the sweetbriar and the roses all the sweeter, if they be crossed by the spice-like perfume of your favourite cigarettes.

The song of the nightingales comes more purely and clearly than ever as you sit by the open windows, pushing the wine and the olives around. The hay never smells so fragrantly as when the wind tosses it to you where the five o'clock tea is passing from hand to hand, under the golden-starred pyramids of the blossoming lime-trees.

And when the great white moon goes sailing through the dark clouds above the woods, you think how lovely the night is—as lovely as nights used to be in your boyhood—when leaning over the balcony you are fanned by a jewelled hand; and lightly chiming across your thoughts come breaks of song, murmurs of laughter, fragments of the world's idlest talk, from those bright chambers within, that you see through the lace of the curtains, and the screen of camellias and myrtles, as you look away from this starry still night, and this fan that stirs like the wing of a bird.

O yes, it is well to talk of the mountains and forests in solitude. Take your tent if you will and live roughly, aloft on some barren plateau; cook your snared bird in a bed of ashes, and lie down to sleep on your pile of heather, and stare at the stars through the rent in your canvas, and stalk out alone in the

mists of the dawn. That is very well; and it is very well you should think so, if you cannot afford any other; and it is simple, and solemn, and grand, and all that. But for pure amusement, my friend—combine the Town and the Country.

OUIDA.

ON THE WAY TO KEW

On the way to Kew
By the river old and grey,
Where in the Long Ago
We laughed and loitered so,
I met a ghost to-day,
A ghost that told of you,
A ghost of low replies
And sweet inscrutable eyes,
  Coming up from Richmond,
As you used to do.

By the river old and grey,
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmured and smiled anew.
On the way to Kew,
March had the laugh of May,
And bare boughs looked aglow,
And old immortal words
Sang in my breast like birds,
  Coming up from Richmond,
As I used with you.

With the life of Long Ago
Lived my thought of you.
By the river old and grey
Flowing his appointed way,

RICHMOND BRIDGE

As I watched, I knew
What is so good to know:
Not in vain, not in vain,
I shall look for you again,
Coming up from Richmond,
On the way to Kew.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

On Richmond Hill there lives a Lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
'I die for her I love.'

This Lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

LEONARD MACNALLY.

A RAMBLE FROM RICHMOND TO LONDON

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-

twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve ; and they of twelve disappear and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London ; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with

morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market. . . .

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity ; when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness ; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach ; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately : for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extremely poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest ; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city ; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day ;

for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go upstairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females ; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming ; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious ; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it ?' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people, who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates ; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent-garden, and

passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, 'Past two o'clock.' This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum.

RICHARD STEELE.

THE CITY IN THE DISTANCE

Say, when in pity ye have gaz'd
On the wreath'd smoke afar,
That o'er some town, like mist uprais'd,
Hung hiding sun and star,
Then as ye turn'd your weary eye
To the green earth and open sky,
Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could dwell
Amid that dreary glare, in this world's citadel?

But Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian Hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green;
Then be ye sure that Love can bless
E'en in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go—thou art nought to us, nor we to thee—away!

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky hue and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat. . . .

As on some city's cheerless night
The tide of sun-rise swells,
Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way proud
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is given ;
'No mist that man may raise, shall hide the eye of Heaven.' . . .

And oh ! if e'en on Babel shine
Such gleams of Paradise,
Should not their peace be peace divine,
Who day by day arise
To look on clearer heavens, and scan
The work of God untouch'd by man ?

JOHN KEBLE.

A CITY LOVER

THIS morning is the morning of the day,
When I and Eustace from the city went
To see the Gardener's Daughter ; I and he
Brothers in Art ; a friendship so complete
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt. . . .
Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it

In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.
In that still place she, hoarded in herself,
Grew, seldom seen : not less among us lived
Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the Gardener's Daughter ? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot ? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her,
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world. . .
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North ;
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet hedge ;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned ;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
The garden-glasses shone, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

'Eustace,' I said, 'this wonder keeps the house.'
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, 'Look, look!' Before he ceased I turn'd,
And, ere a star could wink, beheld her there.
For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood. . . .
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.
So rapt, we near'd the house; but she, a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turn'd
Into the world without; till close at hand,
And almost ere I knew mine own intent,
This murmur broke the stillness of that air
Which brooded round about her:
'Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine.'
. . . . .
I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, altho' I lingered there
Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk. . .
So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving—such a noise of life
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.

And all that night I heard the watchman peal
The sliding season : all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours ;
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
Distilling odours on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LOCKERBIE STREET

Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting-place fairer than Lockerbie street!

There is such a relief, from the clangor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in
Through the dim, narrow walks, with the sheltering shade
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,
And littering lightly the ways of our feet
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie street!

And the nights that come down the dark pathways of dusk,
With the stars in their tresses, and odours of musk
In their moon-woven raiments bespangled with dews,
And looped up with lilies for lovers to use
In the songs that they sing to the tinkle and beat
Of their sweet serenadings through Lockerbie street.

O, my Lockerbie street! you are fair to be seen—
Be it noon of the day, or the rare and serene
Afternoon of the night—you are one to my heart,
And I love you above all the phrases of art,
For no language could frame, and no lips could repeat
My rhyme-haunted raptures of Lockerbie street.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LANGLEY LANE

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane, in London Town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens, where bachelor's-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all!

. . . . .

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear;
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain;
And Fanny, my little one, always near.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A BRIEF RESPITE

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content
Fatigued, he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment ?

Returning home at evening with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS

SUNDAY AT HAMPSTEAD

This is the Heath of Hampstead,
There is the dome of Saint Paul's ;
Beneath, on the serried house-tops,
A chequered lustre falls :

And the mighty city of London,
Under the clouds and the light,
Seems a low wet beach, half shingle,
With a few sharp rocks upright.

Here will we sit, my darling,
And dream an hour away :
The donkeys are hurried and worried,
But we are not donkeys to-day :

Through all the weary week, dear,
We toil in the murk down there,
Tied to a desk and a counter,
A patient, stupid pair !

But on Sunday we slip our tether,
And away from the smoke and the smirch ;
Too grateful to God for His sabbath
To shut its hours in a church.

Away to the green, green country,
Under the open sky ;
Where the earth's sweet breath is incense
And the lark sings psalms on high.

On Sunday we're Lord and Lady,
With ten times the love and glee
Of those pale and languid rich ones
Who are always and never free.

They drawl and stare and simper,
So fine and cold and staid,
Like exquisite waxwork figures
That must be kept in the shade :

We can laugh out loud when merry,
We can romp at kiss-in-the-ring,
We can take our beer at a public,
We can loll on the grass and sing. . . .

Would you grieve very much, my darling,
If all yon low wet shore
Were drowned by a mighty flood-tide,
And we never toiled there more ?

Wicked ?—there is no sin, dear,
In an idle dreamer's head ;
He turns the world topsy-turvy
To prove that his soul's not dead.

VIEW FROM HAMPSTEAD HEATH

I am sinking, sinking, sinking ;
It is hard to sit upright !
Your lap is the softest pillow !
Good-night, my love, good-night !

JAMES THOMSON ('B. V.').

A GOODLY SIGHT

It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse,—
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures fair.
St. Paul's high dome amidst the vassal bands
Of neighbouring spires, a regal chieftain stands,
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride :
While far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
Viewed thus, a goodly sight ! but when surveyed
Through denser air when moistened winds prevail,
In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime. She seems a curtained gloom
Connecting heaven and earth,—a threatening sign of doom.
With more than natural height, reared in the sky,
'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wondering eye ;
The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
Did not its form man's artful structure show,
It might some lofty alpine peak be deemed,—
The eagle's haunt, with cave and crevice seamed.

Stretched wide on either hand, a rugged screen
In lurid dimness, nearer streets are seen
Like shoreward billows of a troubled main
Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain
Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
Of furnace smoke black curling columns rise,
And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass.
So shows by day this grand imperial town,
And, when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,
The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
Along her streets in many a starry line:
He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
'What hollow sound is that?' Approaching near,
The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear.
It is the flood of human life in motion!
It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean!
With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is stilled,
As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
Thoughts, mingled, melancholy, undefined,
Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
And time fast wending to eternity.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

SWEET HAMPSTEAD

'When shall we see you at sweet Hampstead again?'
CONSTABLE.

WHAT London lad who has not fished in, and skated on, its ponds, played truant in its subrural fields and

lanes, gone bird-nesting in its woods, or spent delightful orthodox half-holidays upon the Heath ? . . .

Oh, those old [Hampstead] taverns !—those trysting-places of successive generations of wits and men of genius ! May your walls, coeval with the Kit-Cats, keep their memories green for generations yet to come, and with them those of the men of genius of our day, whose names are ' household words ' in the land of their birth, and in every other English-speaking country also.

To-day, as in the older days . . . artists and literary men and women still feel the attractions of this pleasant suburb, and increase them by the magnetism of their own ; for delightful as the natural beauties of Hampstead are, how much less would they loom without the charm of these associations that meet us everywhere, and people the Well Walk, and the Hill, and Heath with memories of the deathless men and women who have trodden them ! . . . Many have made pilgrimages to the gleby Heath, and looked with loving eyes on scenes made sacred by the transition of immortals through them, whose works live on through the dead centuries, and whose names have passed into glories, are so many added charms to the intrinsic ones of our Sweet Hampstead.

CAROLINE A. WHITE.

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